The Green and White

Commencement Optimist

1922

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Foreword

We respectfully present this publication with the hope that it will serve as a permanent record for the school year, 1921-22, so that, in coming years, the present members of the school and their friends will have the memories of the serious and frivolous sides of their school days, and thus recall old friends and associations, while their love for the Alma Mater is deepened.

FACULTY

G. ARTHUR STETSON, B. Sc., Principal.

IRIS BARR, A. B., Assistant Principal.
Mathematics.

S. ALICE DAVIDSON
Mathematics.

A. VIOLET DUBAR, A. B.
Latin.

INEZ BRUMBAUGH, A. B.
English and History.

PAUL J. MURPHY, A. B.
Nautral Sciences.

MILDRED G. STEELE, A. B.
French and History.

ERWIN W. BITTERS, M. S.
Commercial Department.

LORETTA F. POWERS
Assistant in Commercial Department.

L. ADELAIDE CHASE,
English.

JENNIE M. CARLSON
Eighth Grade.

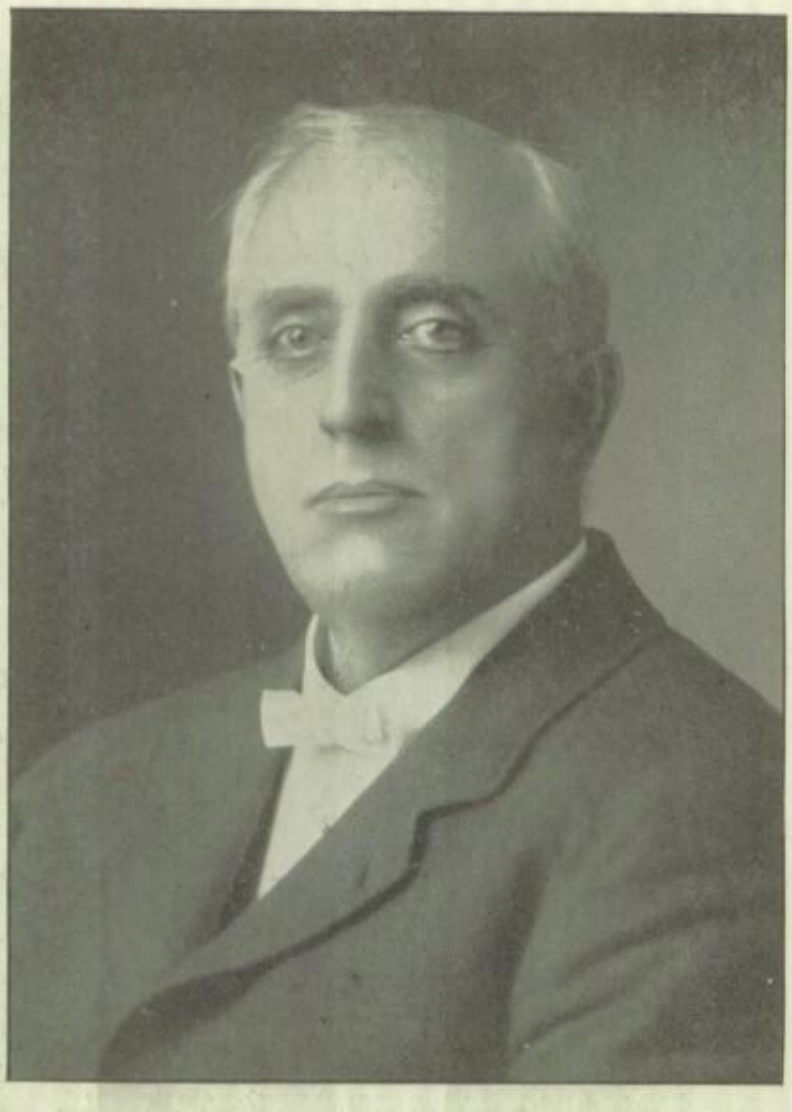
DOROTHEA ROGGENKAMP
Eighth Grade.

SPECIAL TEACHERS

INA BRITTON
Music.

SARAH L. BAKER
Drawing.

HELEN M. GAHAN
Household Arts.



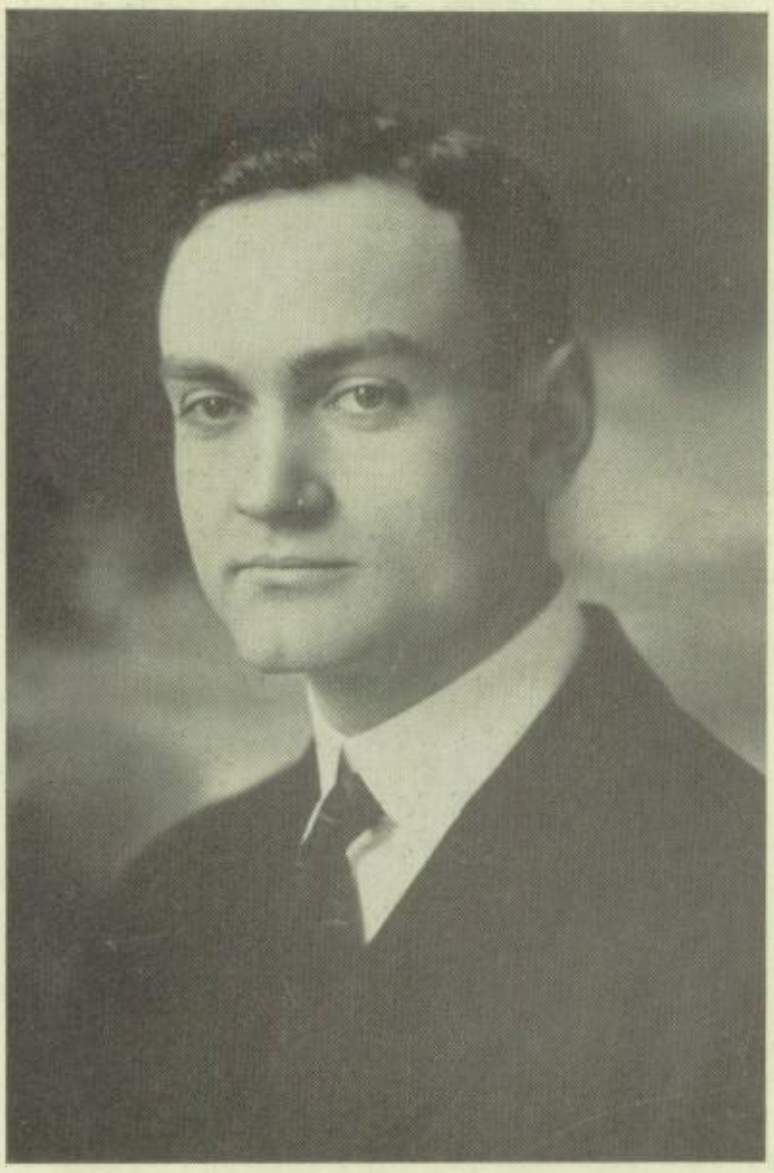
MR. PEASE.

Mr. Henry Pease, who has for twenty-five years been the Superintendent of the Titusville schools, is leaving us. Mr. Pease is well known here in Titusville, and it is with genuine regret that his many friends, both in and out of school, will see him go. His departure will be a great loss to the schools as he was always interested in children and their sports as well as in their educational progress.

Mr. Pease was born in 1856 at West Leyden, Louis County, New York, at the home of his parents, who were of strict Connecticut Puritan stock. He received his college preparation at Brockport State Normal School. He then taught twenty pupils in Oneda County, N. Y., during 1874, "boarding around," and having to use snowshoes to go back and forth. Then Mr. Pease went to Rochester College, graduating with an A. B. degree in June, 1887. Three years later he received his A. M. degree. For two years he was supervising principal at Holly, N. Y., two years at Tonawanda, and six years at Medina, coming to Titusville, July 1, 1897, as Superintendent.

Mr. Pease married Miss Flora Jane Owen in 1888, who died in 1892, leaving him two small boys, both of whom are now dead. On June 22, 1908, he was married to Miss Edna Kerr, then drawing teacher in the Titusville schools.

After leaving Titusville, Mr. Pease is going into partnership with Mr. Charles Irving, in a commission business of paper and cordage, at Rochester, N. Y. He has our best wishes for future success.



MR. STETSON.

Our popular principal, as everyone knows, is Mr. G. Arthur Stetson, who has been with us for three years, and we hope he will be here again next year.

Mr. Stetson is a graduate of Duval High School of Jacksonville, Florida, and received his Bachelor of Science degree from Allegheny college in 1919, coming to T. H. S. in the fall of the same year.

Mr. Stetson, when he came to Titusville, was in truth a bachelor, much to the joy of the girls, but he has now become a sedate married man. On April 15, 1922, he was married to Miss Cecil Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Edwards, Jr., of Oil City, at the home of the bride's parents. On his honeymoon, he passed through the Titusville station, receiving showers of rice from the pupils who had gathered to greet him there. The honeymoon was spent at New York City, Atlantic City and Philadelphia. The bride is a graduate of Oil City High School, and also a member of the graduating class of Allegheny in 1919.

The entire school wishes Mr. and Mrs. Stetson many happy years of married life.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Alfred H. Johnston, '22

Business Manager ..... Clarence W. Johnson, '22

Assistant Editor ..... Laura Church, 23

Assistant Manager ..... Joseph Thompson, '23

Circulation Manager ..... Jack Johnstone, '22

Boys' Athletic Editors ..... { Clarence W. Johnson, '22 / Donald Bishop, '23

Girls' Athletic Editor ..... Doris Mullin, '24

Alumni Editor ..... Paul Kerr, '22

Exchange Editor ..... Margaret Radack, '22

Literary Editor ..... Frances Boal, '24

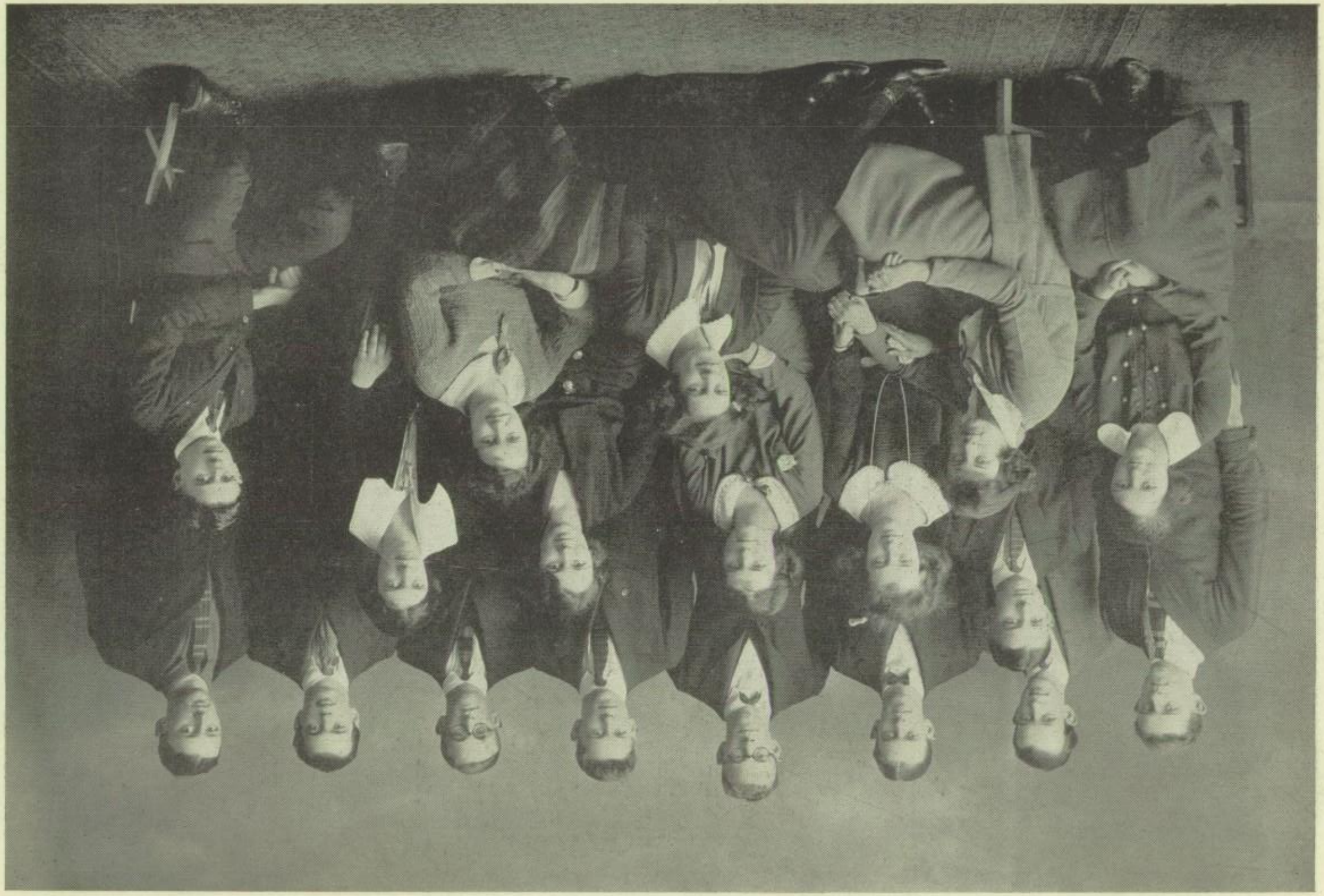
Joke Editor ..... Clifford Ritts, '23

Senior Editors ..... { Evelyn Kingsley / Charles Fritts

Junior Editors ..... { Lottie McCaslin / Mildred Meyers

Sophomore Editor ..... { Pauline Baker / Preston McCutcheon

Freshman Editors ..... { Katherine Dillon / Paul Smith



EDITORIAL

THANK YOU.

The staff of the Green and White, which is the same as that of the Optimist, wish to thank the student body, faculty and townspeople who have supported us so loyally this year, and we wish them all to know that we have appreciated their aid very much. We also hope that they will support our high school publications next year with the same interest that they have this year.

MR. PEASE.

We all regret that Mr. Pease is leaving this year. In the twenty-five years he has been Superintendent of the Titusville Schools, Mr. Pease has always had the pupil's welfare close to his heart, and has aided them in every possible way in their work and activities.

The High School sincerely wish that his new business venture in Rochester will be filled with as great a success as he has had in filling his position here, and that he and his wife will find as many warm friends there as they have in Titusville.

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement is the end of our happy High School days. For four years we have worked, played and made friends with our classmates. Now the class parts forever as a united class, to be scattered far and wide. It is time for some to start life for themselves; for others, it is time to secure a higher education; but to all of us, from now on, it means that we will be thrown on our own resources more than we have ever been before. So it is up to those of us who graduate this year to strive to do our very best in whatever we undertake and make this world that much better for our presence.

THE SCHOOL YEAR.

Many things can happen in one short school year. The football season started this year with a team that ranked as having won one game in two years, but thanks to Mr. Bitters, who coached the team, we finished the season having been beaten only once. Next in the athletic line came basketball. We had had a good record for the last few years, but this year, through lack of cooperation, we slumped from our high standing. And now, the last item in our athletics, the baseball team, was organized for the first time in five years. This team did not prove to be a great success, but at least it was a beginning.

The saddest happening of the whole year was the loss of Miss Jessie Stoddard, the music teacher who had taught most of us ever since we had been in school. Then Mrs. Coleman substituted in her place until Miss Britton came to fill it.

Some other important things that have happened were the class parties and doings, the activities of the Trotty Vec and Hi Y clubs, the organizing of the Sunshine club and the series of parties given by them. Then we had two very successful plays directed by Mr. Whitebread, who came here for the Community Service and who organized gym classes in the school.

These are just some of the most important events listed so that you may see and remember what can happen in one school year. The time goes all too quickly. And you, who will be here next year, will find that things will again pass by with the same speed, and again the school year will have closed with another page of history added to the Titusville High School.

SENIORS

ROLL OF HONORS

Valedictorian ..... Dorothy Francis
Salutatorian ..... Muriel Kerr
Third Honor ..... Margaret Swanson
Latin Honor ..... Mary Peebles
French Honor ..... Lucille Foggan
English Honor ..... Mildred DuPlanti
Mathematics Honor ..... Dorothy Hanks
Science Honor ..... Lowell Schiewe
History Honor ..... Alice Jacobson
Commercial Honor ..... Florence Ropp

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... J. Albin Carlson
Vice President ..... Dorothy Francis
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Charles Fritts
Student Council Representatives ..... Alfred Johnston, Max Oberman, Evelyn Kingsley

J. ALBIN CARLSON.

President Class 1922.
Junior Play 1921.
Baseball 1918.
Basketball Manager 1921-22.
Baseball 1922.
Student Council 1921.
One Lung Quartet.
Commercial Course.

In the gentleman portrayed at the right, the Senior class have one of their most popular members. Proof, the fact that he is the President of said class, and that he also held the position of basketball manager during the past season. Not only is "Dib," as he is affectionately called, popular in the school world, but also he is a regular cut-up among the female species. "Dib" already has his start in the business world, and there is no doubt but that he will easily succeed.

LILLIAN A. ANDERSON.

Commercial Course.

Lillian is quiet, but that isn't saying that she never makes a noise. She's very sedate and good in school, but as to her outside habits it is best to refer you to her. Lillian is the sort that we think wou'd make a good suffragette.

WILLIAM ARTHUR BRADY.

English Course, Fire Chief 1921-22,, Captain Football 1920, Captain Basketball 1921, Manager Football 1919, Manager Basketball 1919, Manager Baseball 1918, Football team 1918-19-20-21, Basketball team 1919-20-2122, Baseball team 1917-22, Fire Department 1920-21.

Of all the marvels in the U. S. A., we think Art. deserves some honor as a football and basketball star. He left us for a year, but we can certainly say that we were glad to have him back again. As well as being an all around athlete, he holds his place among our most popular fellows.

ROSE MARIE BRADY.

English Course, Glee Club 1919-20-21-22, Glee Club Play, Glee Club Banquet Committee, Junior Prom Committee, Class Prophet.

A gay and jolly miss is Rose, always smiling and asking the Optimist Staff whether the Sunrise has come in from Erie. Rose is an all-around good sport. Anyway, she sure helped the boys win by adding her cheers to the rest of the yells at all the games.

LILLIAN FRANCES BRIERLY.

English Course, Vice President Sophomore Class, Glee Club 1918-19-20-21.

With a pleasant smile for everyone, she goes along her happy way and we sure like Lillian. She hasn't told us just what she will do when she leaves school, but for further information you might speak to a certain young man of Pleasantville.

NEVA WINIFRED BROWNE.

Commercial Course, Glee Club 1921-22, Junior Prom Committee, Class Doner.

Giggles—More Giggles. Oh there is Neva our laughing girl. No there is nothing unusual. She is always this way. The cause—oh I think she just was born full of laughter and it just has to come out. Yes, our Neva is a very popular and a BRIGHT girl. No I don't know what we would do if she was not there. I'm afraid it would be a very dull class.

NORMAN NELSON BURNS.

Latin-Scientific.

Burnsie is a quiet, unassuming fellow who has been with us only a year, coming originally from Hydetown. We know him, however, to be a true "sport," and more could not be said of any other member of the class. As a whole, we consider it an honor to have him as one of us, yet, on the other hand, he also feels himself honored by being one of our illustrious class of 1922. In the words of the poet—"More power to him."

MARIAN BRYNA COHN.

Latin-French Course.
Glee Club, 4 years.
Glee Club Play.

Quiet, serene and a little bit shy is Marian, but tell her something funny and you'll see her smile. It is not one of these little half-way smiles, but one of those big, warm, sunshiny smiles. In class doings or parties, Marian always did her share, and maybe a little more, if the truth were known. We all know, and want you to know too, that the best way we can describe her is a perfect lady.

GRACE ETTA COLES.

English Course.
Class Poet.

A giggle. "Hello Sweetheart," followed by more giggles. That's our Grace all over. Grace has great power of convincing. You should hear her in Commercial Law. No use arguing. Talking about clever people, look at the class poem! Speaks for itself, eh, kid?

FLORENCE IRENE CRAMM.

Latin-French.
Glee Club, 4 years.

Ssh! Here's a secret fellows! Any time you want to have a good time just ask Florence for a date. Bubbling over with fun and humor, she is willing to divide up with anyone, and at least she always has a smile for all. Just such persons as Florence are the ones who are wanted to make up our class, and she fills her part to perfection.

RICHARD CONGER CROUCH.

Manager of Football' 20 and '21.
Fire Team '21 and '22.
Optimist Staff '20.
Football Team '19, '20, '21.
English Course.
Glee Club '22.

Allow me, friends, to present Mr. Richard C. Crouch—What?—oh, that's right, Dick is so well known that he needs no further introduction. Perhaps he is known best by his being a "ladies' man." To many young men, this would be distinction enough, but not so with Dick. His ability in football is well known, and he has the honor of being manager of our first championship team in this line of sport.

JOHN DAME.

English Course. **Glee Club, 4 years.**
Class Soloist. **Fire Team, 2 years.**

Johnnie is some songster. All we need to say about this is to call your attention to the fact that he is class sololist, and not very often do graduating classes have a boy as soloist. Don't judge that singing is John's only asset or occupation. He can "kid" the girls and fit shoes, too, although we don't know which of these two positions he likes better. Without John, our class would be like the moving pictures without Charlie Chaplin, for John certainly knows how to speed things up.

MARTA LOUISE DICKINSON.

English Course. **Junior Play.**
Optimist Staff 1920. **Glee Club, 4 years.**
Junior Prom Committee 1921.
Glee Club Play 1921.
Class Artist.

Martha is our songbird. Besides having a lovely voice, she has a jolly disposition and is a very capable young lady in many lines as may be seen by the different activities she has been in, and I hope you are not so dense as to see that she is also very popular. Her great ambition is to be a Missionary, but we expect she will become connected with the ministry in another way.

MILDRED MARION DuPLANTI.

Latin-French Course, English Honor, Glee Club 4 Years, Pianist of Glee Club 2 Years, Athletic Play.

Where's my powder puff? Oh, you might know that's Mildred. Wonder what on earth she'll do after graduation without the mirror in Miss Barr's room. I guess we'll have to give it to her for a class day gift. Not but that she can't look pretty without it, but improvements always add to the value of a property. That her system works is amply shown by the number of her swains.

SYLVIA M. ECKBLOM.

English Course, Glee Club 2 Years.

A dignified lass is Sylvia but when she starts to talk the rest of the crowd stops and listens. It's no use talking when she does, because you will very likely hear something clever or witty. Sylvia is an A student and a great credit to our class. We wish there were more like her, but if there were, the teachers would live in the valley where milk and honey flow.

BEATRICE ENGSTROM.

English Course.

Beatrice is quiet and shy. Nevertheless she always has time to help a fellow student along if need be. Thoroughness and carefulness are some of her chief characteristics. We are quite sure they will help her too, when she comes to make her way in the world. Besides this she is a firm supporter of the class and thinks that all that we do is just right.

LUCILLE FRANCES FOGGAN.

Latin-French Course, French Honor, Glee Club 2 Years.

Lucille's always studying but it doesn't look to us as though she needs to study so hard. Just look above at the honor she copped. She hasn't been in a very long list of things but still she has been an ardent supporter in athletics and otherwise, and her help has cheered us on.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH FRANCIS.

Latin French Course, Valedictorian, Junior Play, Athletic Play, Glee Club Play, Vice President Freshman Class, Vice President Senior Class, Junior Prom Committee, Glee Club 4 Years, Treasurer of Glee Club 1921, Librarian of Glee Club 1922, Optimist Staff 1920.

Dot is our queen of hearts, as you may know, with always a smile for everybody She is one of the most popular members of our class and is always in great demand, as you may see by the things she has done. The only two words in the English language which describe her are "a thoroughbred;" and all who knew her I think will agree.

CHARLES C. FRITTS.

French-Scientific Course, Glee Club 3 Years, Football 3 Years, First Prize G. A. R. Contest, Class Editor Senior, Class Historian, One-Lung Quartet.

"Chuck" is one of our ruff, tuff and nawsty fellows. In our opinion, he is not overly anxious to go to school, as it seems he would rather be out fishing or hiking. Chuck is one of our football stars, and his line-playing is well known. We have heard rumors lately regarding his visits to the South Side. Sounds bad.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH HANKS.

French Scientific Course.
Mathematics Honor.

"Silence is Golden" is Dorothy's motto. She is another one of our successful students who has worked hard and faithfully. We are glad that she won the Mathematics Honor because she certainly deserved it. Her ready laugh also makes her popular. Nevertheless, Dorothy has one serious failing—namely, boys.

DAVID MARIAN HASBROUCK.

English Course.
Football 1920-21.
Fire Team 1920-21-22.

David is one of our most successful students. He always studied hard and was rewarded with good marks. One could not think David was a ladies man, but appearances are deceitful. Now, David, don't blush. His main ambition in life is to expound from the pulpit. We'd like to hear your first sermon, Dave, in the little church around the corner.

ALICE ESTELLA JACOBSON.

Latin-French Course.
History Honor.
Glee Club 4 Years.
Pianist for Music Day 2 Years.

Here's the girl that can manipulate the ivories. There just isn't anything that Alice can't play. Why, she can just make you see anything she wants to. There isn't anyone who doesn't envy her ability. It looks like playing pianos isn't the only thing she could do either, because Alice is a shark in history. She is a great addition to our class.

CLARENCE W. JOHNSON.

Commercial Course, Business Manager Optimist 3-4, Assistant Manager 2, Sport Editor 4, President Athletic Association 3-4, Sophomore Class Editor, Student Council 2, Secretary-Treasurer Junior Class, Manager Junior Play, Junior Prom Committee, Secretary Hi-Y Club, Fire Team 2-3-4, One-Lung Quartet.

Business! That's his first name. Why? Because he is always busy at something or other of his multitudinous duties. Clarence deserve a great deal of credit for what he has done for the Optimist. By his untiring efforts he has brought the Optimist to be a paying proposition as well as a live, up-to-date paper.

ALFRED HERON JOHNSTON.

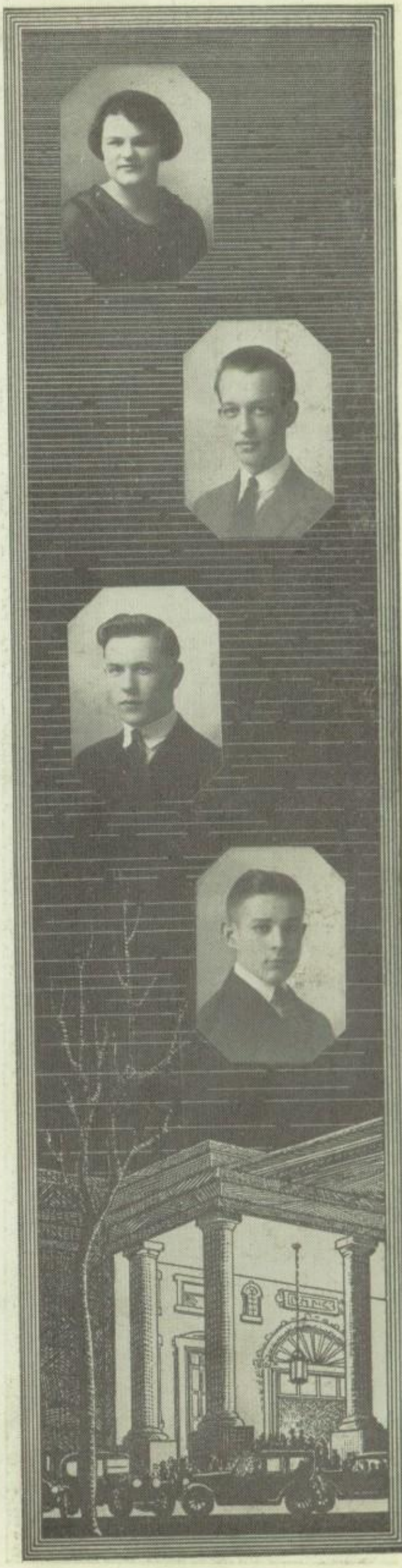
French-Scientific Cource, Vice President Junior Class, Editor-in-Chief Optimist 21-22, Athletic Editor 20-21, Fire Team 20-21-22, Football 19-20-21, Captain 21 Squad, Student Council 21-22.

Here's one of our ladies' men. "Doc" don't seem to have much preference for girls in this town but when a girl comes from out of town, well, ask Al. He's been a peachy editor and we're mighty proud of him to. 'Course Al's mail all comes with the Optimist mail, but then you should see the personal letters too. He's a regular he-vamp.

JOHN HOWARD JOHNSTONE.

Commercial Course, Class Artist, Circulation Manager Optimist 4, Assistant Business Manager 3, Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Treasurer Glee Club 3, Treasurer Athletic Association 3, Junior Prom Committee, Fire Team 2-3-4, One-Lung Quartet.

Oh Jack! Don't mind that, it's only one of Jack's girl friends calling him. It isn't Jack's fault—anybody with lips like his would attract the girls. However, he doesn't spend all his time with the girls, just look at all the things he has been in, 'n everything. Besides all this, Jack is a crack commercial student.



LAURA JEANETTE KELLOGG.

Latin-French Course.
Glee Club 4 Years.

Perhaps you know Laura and perhaps you don't. She is so quiet that you don't know she's around at all. She's a good sport, anyhow,, and we know we couldn't do without her. Laura is an example of a first class student. Wish we had some more of them.

HILDA GRACE KERR.

English Course.
Glee Club.

Hilda is our dark-haired and dark-eyed beauty. Somehow or other, Hilda has just a sort of way about her that just makes you like her and we all sure do. Why, just look at her picture. How could we help it, and also you should see Hilda's dimples.

MABEL E. KERR.

English Course.
Basketball 3 Years.
Captain and Manager 1921-22.

Shoot it Mabel! And she did. Mabel is the champion basketball player of our class. She was the captain and manager of this year's successful basketball team. Mabel also holds the class altitude record. When she wants to outjump her opponent, all she has to do is stretch a little.

MURIEL M. KERR.

Commercial Course.
Salutatorian.

Smart? Well I should say so. When there are fifty-four members in the class and she takes the second honor, it is very probable that she is better than the average. Like all great people, she talks little and says a lot. There are rumors, (but of course we hardly believe them) that Muriel is to be the main participant at a wedding. Ring out ye merry bells.

PAUL B. KERR.

English Course, Manager Basketball 1920-21, Alumni Editor Optimist 1921-22, Fire Team 2 Years.

"Hullo sweetheart, How is you" someone whispers in your ear and you look up, and——behold—there stands Paul. But then he doesn't mean it, but we shouldn't be surprised if some people (girls of course) wished he did mean it. Paul's the one with the sparkling eyes, that you see fitting shoes at Schlehubers.

MARION JOSEPHINE KIEFER.

Commercial Course.

"Hello Fred," "Hello Marion," bla-bla-bla ad infinitum. When Marion and Fred have a tete-a-tete it usually last anywhere from twenty-five to sixty minutes. Such is the magic of love. Take good care of her, Fred, you are a lucky man.

EVELYN FRANCES KINGSLEY.

Commercial Course.

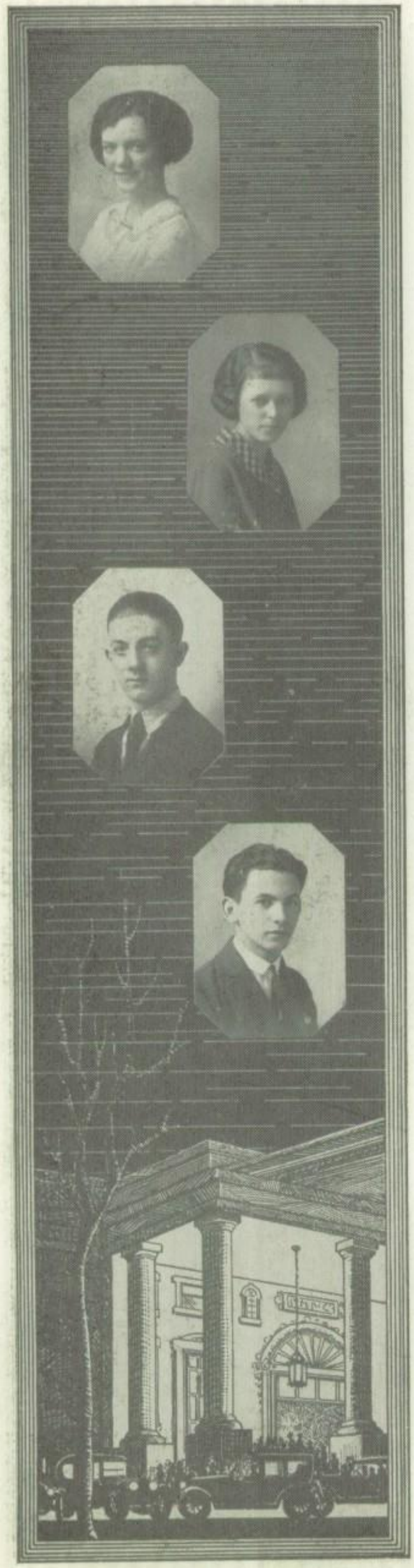
Glee Club 2-3-4, Student Council 4, Junior Play Committee, Secretary Athletic Association 4, D. A. R. Prize, Optimist Staff 3-4, Basketball 2-3-4, Trotty Vec Club.

"Evie" has only been with us two years, but at that, it can easily be said that she is the most popular girl in the class. Her list of achievements as given above can well bear out this statement, but for more authoritative proof ask any member of the class, especially the fellows. Her ability in Optimist work and in basketball is also well known.

BESSIE R. LUNDBERG.

English Course, Basketball 2-3-4, Glee Club 4, Junior Prom Cimmittee.

Bessie with the flirty eyes and the red cheeks and the dimples. And she's a Basketball Star 'n everything. But really we wonder sometimes how she ever managed to make some of those marvelous baskets, especially when she was out of town when she rolled her eyes at all the good-looking fellows.



CATHERINE McCABE.

Cadie's a P. G. but her cherry presence has been felt by everyone. We like your smiles, Cadie.

MILDRED CLAIRE McINTYRE.

French-Scientific Course, Glee Club 4 Years.

Mildred is short and sweet. She's an all around good friend to everyone. Mildred doesn't start anything she can't finish. Parties, picnics, dances and such like are her fad. She's the girl who is more at home on a dance floor than in a seat at school.

RAYMOND L. MYERS.

English Course, Football Squad, Fire Team, Glee Club 4.

The door slowly opens, a deep silence comes over the room and an admiring sigh sweeps the girls' side as Raymond slowly and magnificently strides to his seat. Raymond is the Beau Brummel of our class; the idol of the girls, and the friend of the boys.

ROBERT MILLER.

Commercial Course, Boys' Glee Club 1-2, Fire Team 2-3-4, Class Baseball Team, Pennsylvania Business College.

Although quiet, we're very certain that with his over-supply of brains, this gentleman is going to make a place for himself and we're going to be glad to say that "Bob" graduated with the class of nineteen twenty-two. Pennsylvania Business College is the lucky school to get this shorthand shark.

MAURICE MOFFATT.

Baseball Team 4, Fire Team 3-4, Assistant Fire Chief 4.

"Muggsy" is our star spit-baller. He can use vaseline, sand-paper, slippery elm and Five Brothers to the disadvantage of our opponents. He is also our ladies' man. He sure can shake a wicked foot. Did ja ever see him dance? He leaves July 1 on the D. A. V. & P for Little Cooley, where he expects to join the Little Cooley Sluggers as their star bat-boy.

MARGARET FRANCES MOULIN.

Commercial Course, Student Council 1, Class Editor and Exchange Editor 3, Junior Prom Committee, Glee Club 4 Years.

Active? That's her middle name. When Margraet starts anything it is surely going to be a success. Margaret and the boys get along fine. You know what I mean. Of course, the boys in the High School are merely side issues, the main subject having graduated two years ago.

ISAAC OBERMAN.

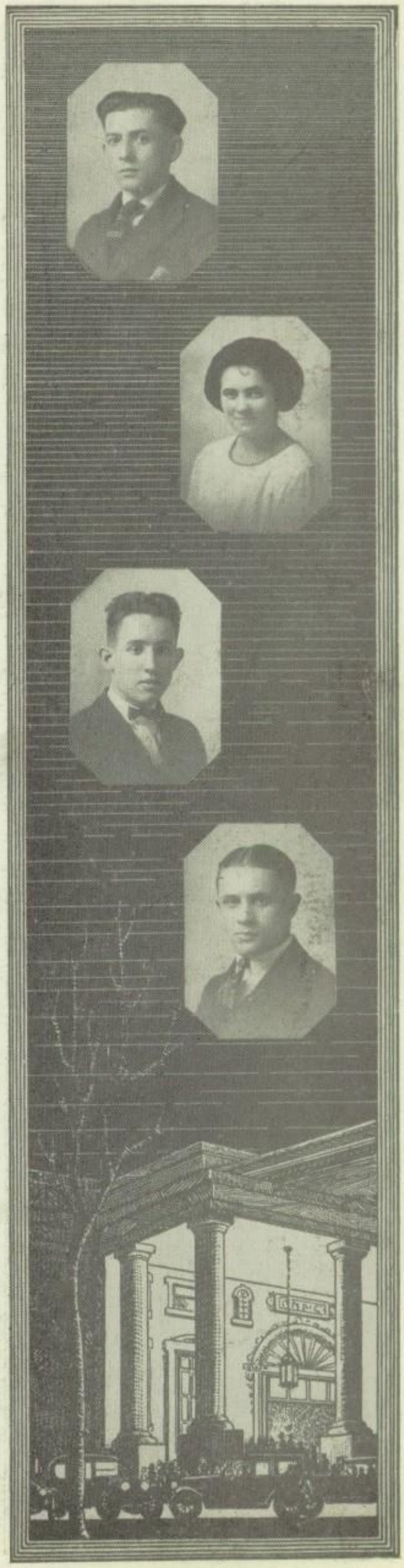
Commercial Course, Class Basketball.

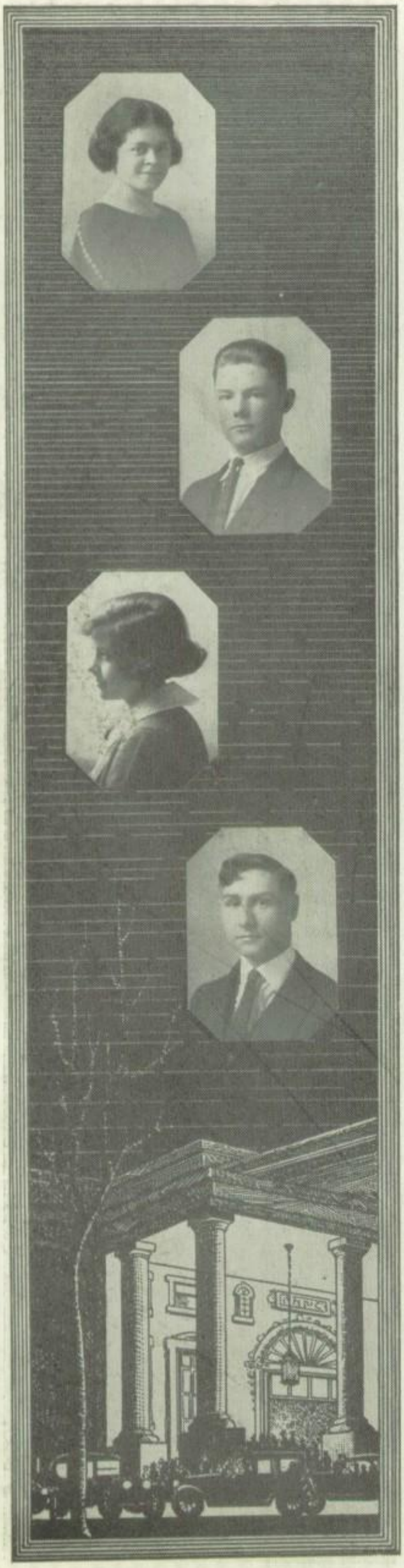
Here's our class comedian and doesn't it look just like him? No use feeling sad when Ike's around. It's just simply impossible. His favorite sayings are "Gee whiz, I've got all the outlines, but I can't read them," and extracts from the "Old Home Town." Ahtletics and stocks are Ikes second names.

MAX OBERMAN.

Commercial Course, Football Team 3 Years, Basketball Team 3 Years, Baseball 4, Manager Baseball 4, Fire Team 4.

Max is the lil'est lil boy in our class but that doesn't by any means dampen his popularity. With him it seems to be a case of the smaller the more popular. In addition—have you ever seen Max play basketball and football? Nuf sed.





MARY ELIZABETH PEEBLES.

Latin-Scientific Course.

Latin Honor, Glee Club 4 Years, Manager Glee Club 2 Years; Assistant Editor Optimist 3.

Mary is all the teachers' pet and all the pupils' friends. We knew Mary will do something greatly worth while. How do we know? Well, she's just that sort of a girl. Look at her list of achievements. It don't look as if she had been loafing for four years, does it? She took the Latin honor, too.

LLOYD IRVIN PRESTON.

English Course, Fire Team 2-3-4, Junior Prom Committee.

Lloyd left Centerville to join our class. He's terribly smart in all his studies. He is the champion horse-shoer of Hydetown. He performs any night after 6:30.

MARGARET LUCILLE RADACK.

Latin-French Course, Basketball Team 18-19-20, Manager Basketball 19-20, Optimist Staff 2-4.

Peg is our artificial red-haired vamp. Not really red, but a sort of henna. However, it makes no difference what the color of her hair is, Peg is the one and only genuine vamp in our class. The others are all amateurs. This is the only year Peg has been in our class, but while she has been with us she has proved to be a live wire.

GLENN VALENTINE REED.

English Course, Fire Team 3-4, Football Squad.

Glenn is our natural red-head. His cheerful covering may be seen bobbing around the school above his genial and smiling face. However, he is not puffed up and performs his work carefully and well. We pretty nearly lost Glenn a short time ago but we're glad he came back with only a few scratches.

WILLIAM RENFREW, JR.

French Scientific Course, Captain Basketball 4, Assistant Manager Basketball 3, Basketball 3 Years, Glee Club 4 Years, Fire Team 2 Years, President Junior Class.

Hoot mon! Sure, that's Renfrew, Scotty Renfrew. You all know him, he's that big tall Senior guy, a decided blond. He is one of our crack basketball players, and, to judge by his list of accomplishments, a crack in many other lines also. Several years ago carfare to Pleasantville was advanced, so William bought an automobile. Bill says it's a great convenience.

DAVID LOUIS RESNIKOFF.

English Course.

Strong in valor, but when it comes to the fairer sex, he's there like the sleeves in the vest. Study is the main object of Louis' life. Science is his best bet.

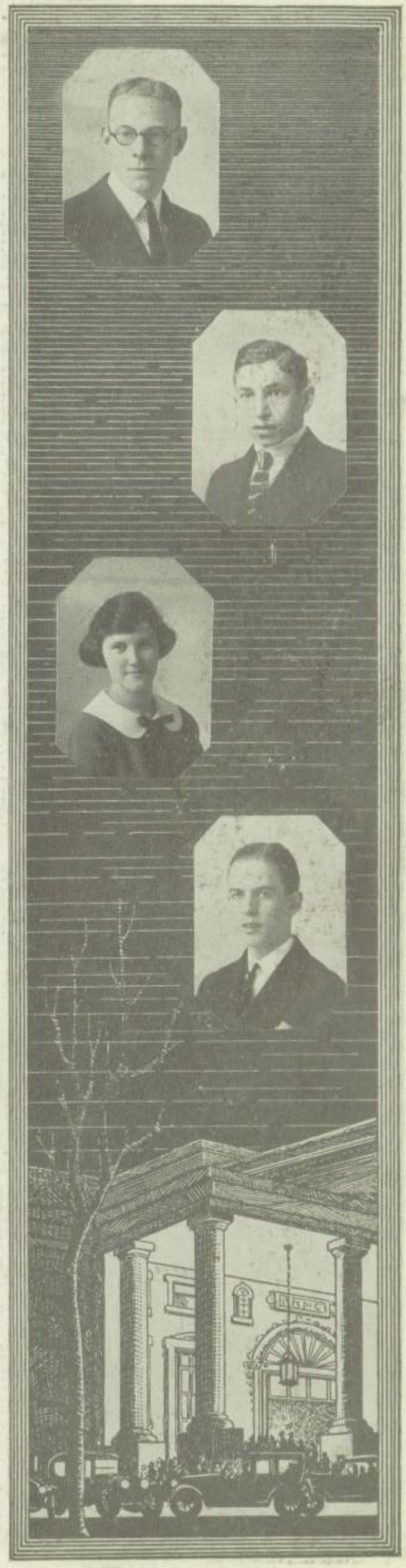
MARY ARMILDA REYNOLDS.

Latin-Scientific Course.

Mary hails from Hyedtown and she has only been here a year, but what would we do without Mary. She's one that happens to be endowed with a large quantity of good humor which she uses to good advantage.

CLIFFORD RITTS.

Who doesn't like Cliff. Sorry you couldn't be with us Commencement, Cliff.



FLORENCE E. ROPP.

Commercial Course, Commercial Honor, Glee Club 4, Junior Play Committee.

Another one of our "Bobbed-Hair Beauties." Flo is just bubbling over with fun and giggles and sometimes we're just scared stiff for fear she will explode. There's always something popping up when she's around. So to come down to brass tacks, how could we help but like her?

WILLIAM LOWELL SCHIEWE.

English Course, Science Honor, Fire Team 4, Junior Play.

Everybody knows Lowell, especially the Chemistry students who wish to have him form the equations in Lab. Just ask him about the Radio and hear all the comments he can make upon it. They all say he likes a little girl in the Senior class by the name of Mary. But we wonder.

MARGARET LOUISE SWANSON.

Commercial Course, Third Honor.

Margaret is the typical thing in the blonde line as her picture should show Studious? Yes, indeed; very much so—and her reward was the third honor. We know you'll make a great Commercial teacher, Margaret, and Indiana will be glad to get you.

KATHERINE TRACY.

Katherine has been with us only a few months and we thought she would graduate with us. But because of sickness we had to lose her.

FREDERICK A. WAGNER.

English Course, Fire Team 4.

Fred is quiet, but he is like the automobile, the most valuable makes the least noise. When Fred says something everybody listens. He doesn't step around much, but lately he has betrayed an extreme interest in a girl named Marion. Good luck, Fred.

W. ALVIN WAGSTAFF.

Football Team, Glee Club, Basketball, Preisdent Hi-Y Club, Fire Team.

Some record for one year. Waggie is a star, both in school activities and in his studies. With his cheerful disposition and his ability, we expect that he will make his place in the world.

MARION WALLEN.

Junior Play, Athletic Play, Glee Club 4 Years, Junior Prom Committee.

Marion is the happy-go-lucky of 1922. Everybody knows Marion. Everybody likes Marion. She's the one who would rather attend dances and parties than eat. Voice? She's got a peach and she uses it to good advantage.

JOHN P. WRIGHT.

English Course, Football Team 4, Fire Team 3-4.

When nobody else can answer in the Physics class, it's a toss-up between Lowell and John who are the authorities of the class. John has been with us two years, and has made a mark for himself both terms. His average is one of the highest in the class and he has the highest mark in Trig and Solid.

VALEDICTORY

In the business world of today are many men of eminence who are graduates of the Titusville High School. They have won for themselves a place of prominence and esteem and are the representation of the High School in the world of affairs. These men and women uphold the ideals taught them in school which have helped gain for them their influence in this community and elsewhere.

Now, it is incumbent upon us, the Class of '22, just starting out on its life career, to strive to join this company of fellow graduates, so that in after years we, too, may find members of our class who have recognition.

During our four High School years, we trust we have strengthened our character, are better equipped to cope with the problems of the future. We have learned to be independent, willing workers, and earnest citizens of the United States.

Only too soon will we be called on to take part in the government of our country. For this new field we must be true and loyal workers.

Today, many more opportunities are open to High School graduates than ever before, especially to women. In the present day and age they are receiving recognition, and are proving their efficiency in all departments of activity. They are coming to be relied on more and more, bearing on their shoulders burdens, which their puritan mothers never dreamed of.

And now, dear classmates, we must part. After four happy years, perhaps the happiest of our lives, we must leave behind our dear Alma Mater. Always will we think of her with love in our hearts and always will we think of our teachers who have done so much for us and yet who are not fully appreciated, and who have guided our lives and inspired us with the flaming desire to ever go "Onward and Upward."

In behalf of our class I desire to thank all who have made possible the privileges which we have enjoyed. To the Teachers, the School Board, to our Superintendent, Mr. Pease, and to the citizens of Titusville, we express our gratitude. We trust that we fully appreciate the burden which the community bears in order that it may offer to the young people of Titusville all that a High School course can do for them.

DOROTHY FRANCIS.

SALUTATORY

Dear Friends:

It has fallen to my happy lot to bid you welcome to the Commencement exercises of the Class of Nineteen Twenty-two.

During the years of our school life you have shared our sorrows and our joys—encouraged us in all our difficulties—guided us through devious paths, and now that we have reached the goal of graduation—we want you to share in the festivities which crown our labors.

The four years we have spent in High School seem to have passed all too quickly. We realize at last that our Commencement day, to which we have looked forward so eagerly, is a day of mingled joy and sadness. We are happy because we have successfully completed our High School course—we are sad because the time has come for us to say good-bye—good-bye to teachers and classmates—good-bye to all the associations that make school days the happiest days of all.

Though we are going out into the world to take up new responsibilities, new cares that we have never known before, many and enchanting are the vistas of the future into which we gaze—and we start out with high hopes and eager hearts to apply the lessons we have learned in school to the problems of life.

We realize that to-day there are more opportunities for well-trained, well-educated men and women than ever before and we hope we ahve some equipment for whatever struggles may come. Some of us will go to college, others will take up the burdens of the workaday world immediately. In a few years the fifty-four members of the Class of Twenty-two will probably be engaged in as many different activities. But for tonight we are the Class of Nineteen Twenty-two and we have asked you to come here in order to show the appreciation we feel for all that you have done for us.

We hope you will enjoy our program. We hope that you will feel at its close that the Class of Nineteen Twenty-two is going to fulfill your fondest expectations.

To the citizens of Titusville, who have ever been ready to lend a helping hand in every school activity; to Mr. Pease, our Superintendent; to the School Board and to the members of the faculty who have been so untiring and so unselfish in their efforts in our behalf; to you, our parents, whose loving devotion has been and will always be our guiding star—we extend a thrice hearty welcome. To one and all of you, we say,

"We greet you, we salute you—

And crown you with our welcome as with flowers."

MURIEL KERR.

CLASS PROPHECY

Believing, with Lincoln, that in preparation, lies the secret of success, and having resolved to put forth my best efforts in an endeavor to make a success of my assignment as prophetess of the class of '22, T. H. S., recently I spent an evening in diligent perusal of the prophecies of Mother Shipton, whose strange and remarkable forecast thrilled the people of the world 400 years ago, she it was who predicted that "in the air men shall be seen, floating in space where none hath been," that "around the world thoughts shall fly in the twinkling of an eye." After a thorough digest of the work of this wonderful prophetess, I proceeded to write, desiring to state at the beginning, however, that I hope some of my forecasts do not come true, for if they do, most of my classmates are doomed to not very lofty positions in life.

The time of which I am writing is the year 1936.

I return to my old home in Titusville, via Schiewe Air Line, riding in a newly invented polyplane, the brain-child of Lowell Schiewe. The plane is named "Mary," (Reynolds) after his charming wife.

My cross-country trip through the air was of less than on hour's duration, but in this short time a number of incidents of interest transpired. At one time I was called on the radio-phone, with which the plane was equipped. Wright and Fritts, radio magnates and owners of a far-flung system of radio telephony, were calling to inform me that I had forgotten to pay my regular monthly toll. During our conversation the talk became muddled with that of two other parties, who proved to be Glen Reed and Nelson Burns, two well-to-do agriculturists, who were disputing over the boundary between their farms.

One of the wonderful features of the air-craft in which I was being transported was that it could remain stationary in mid-air, and several times during the journey we stopped to view the earth below, made easily perceptible with the aid of field glasses. Once my gaze rested upon a man pursuing a butterfly. The man was Frederick Wagner, an eminent entomologist and so intent was he upon capturing the butterfly that he did not see a landscape artist directly in his patch. Their collision resulted in a grand conglomeration of bugs, paint, canvass and man. I was surprised to see the scientist and artist shake hands after the accident, but as I more closely scrutinized the face of the artist, I recognized Jack Johnstone.

At another stage of the trip I noticed a speeding automobile being pursued by a motor cop. The scene was the Drake Memorial Mighway, leading from Titusville to Pleasantville. The pilot of the car was William Renfrew and the officer, Raymond Myers, both of whom I recognized when the policeman caught up with the car and ordered the driver to halt. I followed them with my field glasses, and as our plane neared its destination, the public landing in the center of the city, I noticed officer and motorist en-

ter a building on the window of which was stenciled "Paul Kerr, Police Magistrate."

Before descending I had noted the fact that there was a circus in town, and, turning my binoculars on the huge tents, I had seen a banner, "L. Resnikoff and I. Oberman." Immediately I had decided to attend the circus.

After my visit to the circus lot I felt well repaid, for I met many of my former classmates. One of the most interesting and surprising meetings was that with our class orator, "Dick" Crouch, who was a "speeler" for the big show. Inside the large tent I was ushered to my seat by a most grotesque clown, whose make-up, however, was insufficient to cover up the well-known features of Alvin "Venus" Wagstaff. He seated me besides the poets, Grace Coles and Marian Keefer, who had come to the circus to view human nature, unadulterated and unconfined.

Taking note of my surroundings, I saw, directly in front of me, the former Miss Evelyn Kingsley. She told me of a controversy she was having with the mistress of the other side of the double house in which she resided. The other party to the dispute had been Lillian Brierly, of High School days, wedded now. Their cause for friction was that each maintained that her husband was the best-looking man in the block.

At this moment my attention turned to the arena, one daring lady bare-back rider in particular holding my interest, as she appeared familiar to me. Afterward I was informed that it was Bessie Lundberg, once a star basketball player of T. H. S. Then, noticing that all heads were tilted upward, I looked up and saw a "human butterfly" in the person of Peg Radack, who had tired of being an artist's model and joined the circus. Another interesting attraction was the "living statue" representing the "Spirit of 1922." The "spirit," I afterward was informed, was impersonated by Neva Browne, who had joined the shows after giving up her movie career, as the leading lady in Ben Turpen's comedies.

The whirl of excitement abating for a few moments I took the opportunity to glance about me. A short distance away I noted a number of teachers among whom I recognized Lucile Foggan, Mable Kerr, Florence Cramm, Lillian Anderson, Hilda Kerr and Margaret Swanson. Then I wondered who were the two well attired young ladies surrounded by so many young men. Yes, they were Mildred McIntyre and Dorothy Francis, Titusville Society Belles.

Startled by the sound of a familiar voice calling "Buy a whistle or balloon for the kiddies," I quickly turned my head to catch sight of John Dame. He was too busy with his work to recognize me, however, and turned away in disgust when three ladies with a dozen or so small children attempted to get a reduction in price by purchasing his wares in numbers. The ladies who had attempted to cut rates, I learned upon closer observation, were Mildred DuPlanti, Laura Kellogg and Alice Jacobson, matrons in an orphans' home recently established in the city, and the children were inmates of the institution.

Again turning my attention to the rings, into which had just entered a group of lions, I was frightened at the manner in which the lion-tamer, with a wicked whip in his hand, was ordering his charges about. Although the lion-tamer was disguised with long, black moustache and strange clothing, I pierced his camouflage and discovered Lloyd Preston in this role of "Great Lioninski," for such he was hailed on the banners without.

The lion act concluded the big show and I passed from the main tent to a side-show advertised as the "Dare-devil Twins," Art Brady and Max Oberman, who thrilled onlookers with hair-raising stunts on motorcycles. Following my visit to this tent I started to wend my way from the grounds, stopping, however, to purchase some appetizing candy at a concession. The candy was delicious and on each piece was molded the initials "C. & E." standing for Cohen and Engstrom, the famous candy-makers of 47 Maiden Lane, New York City.

While engrossed in thoughts of my old schoolmates, I was approached by a handsome young gentleman who spoke my name. Not immediately did I recognize Clarence Johnson, publicity agent for the show. He told me that Resnikoff and Oberman were enjoying a very successful season, and also mentioned the fact that while they were in town all their grocery supplies were being purchased from the Robert Miller Wholesale Grocery House. I was invitd to inspect Mr. Johnson's office, a little model on wheels in which one of the things to take my eye was a photo of that wonderful New York American pitcher, No-hit, No-run Moffatt. I also learned from the publicity agent that Albin Carlson was acting as advance man for the circus.

On Sunday, the day following my visit to the circus, I attended divine services in one of the city churches, of which the Rev. David Hasbrouck was rector. Before and after the services I had the opportunity of speaking to a number of former school companions, among which was Dr. Alfred Johnson, who had succeeded his father as one of Titusville's leading physicians and surgeons. Mary Peebles and Martha Dickinson recently returned from the Orient where they were engaged in teaching at the Univrsity of Peking. Margaret Moulin and Marian Wallen, beauty specialists, who had an office in the Commercial bank building. Florence Ropp and Muriel Kerr commercial instructors in the Titusville High School. The choir leader was the minister's wife, the former Miss Dorothy Hanks.

Now, classmates and highly valued friends no more about you, but a few words to you. You readily see that my purpose has been not to treat you seriously in this prophecy of mine, rather to make some sport of your little peculiarities. Air castles are fragile, easily shattered and repaired so if I have dealt too harshly with any one of you forgive me and remember that no one feels more keenly than I, how apropos, is the advice in the lines:

"There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill becomes any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

ROSE BRADY.

CLASS HISTORY

A few short years ago our High School loomed before us, a maze of unknown dangers through which we were to pass. Now is is over and I will endeaver to describe our journey through the labrynth.

As soon as we had become nicely settled a class meeting was held and Junior Quinn was elected. After the officers had all been elected, the question came up as to what should be the class colors. Our class, being the best that it could possibly be, and consequently endowed with a taste for all the finer arts chose green and white as the class colors, because they harmonize so well with what was then our station in life.

The first social event was held in the Y. W. C. A. and was hailed by all as a brilliant social success, even a few upper classmen condescending to drop in and view the gorgeous extravaganza. Although young and inexperienced we had an undefeated basketball team, the possession of which made us justly proud.

Much to our surprise most of the class survived the first year work and came back to grapple with the monster education. This time, Louis Mayer was elected president and a hard working officer he proved to be. Altogether eight parties were held, the most succssful was a Masquerade Party held in the Presbyterian Gym. Strife and war filled our Sophomore year, deep plots being hatched to lower our colors from the top of the building.

Once again most of the members managed to squeeze through the final exams, and the class commenced the third round of the battle. By this time we began to realize that graduation might sometime occur and consequently we studied harder. Our social events during the Junior year were both numerous and successful, the best of all being a masquerade at the Y. W. C. A.

The big event of our Junior year was the Prom. The success of this was directly due to the Junior Play, which had been put on to raise money for the Prom. Both Prom and play were declared by many to be the best given in years.

One fine day we woke up to discover that we were Seniors. It immediately went to our heads and has remained there down to the present. All too quickly the year has passed. It has been a year of hard work but the social activities, athletics and comradeship have more than made up for the energy expanded in study.

Many members of the class have made great advances during the four years of school life. The class as a whole has done much better work the past year, than ever before.

Altogether our school life has been filled to overflowing with work and pleasure and it is with genuine regret that we terminate our stay here.

CHARLES C. FRITTS.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have the sincere pleasure to welcome you here this evening. We Seniors have worked and practiced diligently for the past two weeks to make our last two days a success, and we know that you will appreciate what we have to offer you this evening.

The Class of '22 is the largest, as well as the brightest that has ever graduated from Titusville High School, and during our four years in school we have worked and labored to keep the standard of the school at the highest point possible.

We entered High School in the fall of the year when America was in the great struggle for democracy. She then drifted from the direct effect of the war into a period of depression and struggle for existance. We now stand on the threshold of life to go out into the world and help turn the wheels to normalcy and good times.

This year the athletic teams of the High School, especially the football team, has made an enviable reputation, raising our athletic standard over 100 per cent. from former years. This was largely due through the efforts of Mr. Erwin F. Bitters, our commercial teacher from Wisconsin, with the co-operation of the Senior boys who constituted practically the "Whole Push."

Mr. Pease, our estimable Superintendent, who has been associated with the Titusville schools for a quarter of a century, finds that fate has willed that he must graduate with the class of '22. The people of Titusville will feel keenly the absence of Mr. Pease as supervisor of the welfare of the boys and girls of Titusville, and we sincerely hope that the new Superintendent will be as helpful to the community as Mr. Pease has been. We Seniors have a warm place in our hearts for Mr. Pease who has helped and advised us during our school life and especially during the last two weeks in our preparation for Class Day and Commencement programs. Mr. Pease, we wish you the best of everything in your new occupation.

To Mr. Stetson, our principal, who is ever in touch with us and has always been ready to help and advise, we extend our thanks and appreciation of what he has done for us.

There is one person to whom we Seniors feel greatly indebted, one who has shown us the right and wrong of things that have come up during the past year. Problems that we would have had trouble with if it were not for her assistance in solving them. The person to whom I am referring is none other than the Seniors friend, Miss Barr.

During the first half of the past year we were without a music instructor as Miss Stoddard has passed away, but on the first of January Miss Britton came and ever since then a good spirit has existed in the student body due to Miss Britton's efforts. We sincerely hope that Miss Britton will be the music instructor in he schools of Tiusville for many years to come.

To you, my classmates, I wish to give my thanks for the honor of representing you during the last year and I hope our associations will never be forgotten. I thank you.

CLASS KNOCKS

I regret to say that it is my painful duty to become a sarcastic liar, since my classmates have given me the doubtful honor of knocking the glorious Class of 1922, but, I'm afraid, the loudest knocks will be those of my own knees.

Now I suppose the proper order in knocking the class is to begin with the officers, Albin Carlson, President; Dorothy Francis, Vice President; and Charles Fritts, Secretary and Treasurer. They have been so poor as class officers that I will take them all at once and name three big faults out of their many; first, they lacked pep; second, they could not keep the class in order; third, they had the nerve to try to **run** the class.

We have three very good mathmaticians in our class, Dorothy Hanks, Glenn Reed and John Wright. That is all right in itself, if they had been modest about it and had not got all puffed up and kept telling what wonders they were.

Four of the Senior girls looked very well as they were, but thought they could improve their looks, so they bobbed their hair—now look at them. You would think that they were from Greenwhich village. Of course you know I mean Bessie Lundberg, Peg Radack, Florence Ropp and Mildred McIntyre.

Lowell Schiewe, just because he got the science honor, believes that he is a **wild** man. Don't tell anybody, but he shot the whole faculty soon after the honors were announced. However, he is still unhung, as the shots were only snapshots.

Jack Johnstone is the boy about whom I really have something to say. First, look at his Cupid's bow-lips. See how fascinated the girls are in watching them? Now, comes the secret—the girls all want to kiss him on those lips, as I have heard many of them remark, and he simply won't stand for it. I do not think such a cold-blooded creature should be allowed to live, do you?

Art Brady and John Dame, as you know, suddenly put in their appearance one day with their glorious hair clipped. We were all in doubt as to the real cause, until discovered some time later that the two of them had been caught stealing Eskimo Pies and sent to Sing Sing, but had escaped. I think they are in no danger of recapture, now, however, as their locks have grown back in.

It was hard to find any fault with the two Methodist chums, Mary Peebles and Mildred DuPlanti until an intimate friend revealed the fact that Mary had Boyles and Mildred is adicted to drinking Burch Bear, so you see I have even found out something about those two good girls in our class.

One would think to look at Rose Brady that she might be interested in our own High Schol, but alas, she seems rather to favor the Oil City and Erie "Highs" with her attention.

The three noisiest girls, I believe, are Muriel Kerr, Florence Cramm and Marian Kiefer—they are always destroying our dignity as a class by their boisterness commotions and are usually abetted by that "rough neck," Fred Wagner.

Among the members of our class are two tiny fellows who would be quite alright if they were less bashful and unobstructive. These are Dick Crouch and Bill Renfrew, both of whom are so quiet you probable never heard of either before? Did you?

We also have the Oberman twins, who are so much alike in looks, habits, and actions that some object to have both in the same classroom for they are unable to tell which from t'oher.

Our stern-faced (?) young woman who is always "bawling out" somebody, and has especiall picked on John Dame, for his miss-behavior, is, of course, Martha Dickinson.

Marian Wallen and Hilda Kerr are two prim and sedate to really add any fun or laughter to the class; while Clarence Johnson, the unsuccessful business manager of the Optimist, is our well-known Bolshevik and like the rest of his kind, he is always causing a disturbance of some sort and keeping the school in an uproar.

We have in our class a baseball fiend. Maurice Moffat, who some way or other has gotten into his head the idea that he is a pitcher, and to tell you the truth, I believe he **might** become some good if he would learn how to throw a ball.

The rest of the class, I am sorry to say, have too many faults for me even to try to pick them out, so I am afraid I will have to stop; it is beyond my power to continue.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Seniors Class of the Titusville High School, in the year of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-two, of the City of Titusville, County of Crawford, State of Pennsylvania, being of sound mind and body, but realizing our age, and the forgetfulness of the faculty, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking and cancelling all other wills by us at any time made.

To insure a perpetual remembrance of the illustrious class of 1922, we give and bequeath the following:

Upon the Juniors we bestow our mantle of wisdom, experience and dignity, feeling assured that they will value it highly as a priceless heirloom.

To the Sophomores, we bequeath our enthusiasm, but suggest that they use it with more discretion than we have.

Furthermore, out of the vast store of our worldly possessions we have chosen for the benefit of the several members of the Junior Class hereinafter mentioned a few things of which they—as individuals stand most in need—and which we hereby set forth in the following bequests:

I, Richard Crouch, being sound of mind—that is comparatively sound, do hereby will and bequeath to William Helfrich, the coming football star the excessive measurement of my head, which will save him the trouble of expanding his own.

I, Marian Wallen, being of a very generous and disposing frame of mind, do hereby will and bequeath to Millard Boyle five much-cherished wads of chewing gum of assorted flavors.

I, Alvin Wagstaff, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to converse brilliantly and entertainingly to Benjamin Feinberg.

I, Mabel Kerr, do hereby will and bequeath to Eyla Herring my gigantic stature, in order that her viewpoint may be broadened, and her thoughts elevated above earthly things.

I, Albin Carlson, do hereby will and bequeath to William Steinbuhler my never-known-to-fail method of vamping with the eyes.

I, Maximilian Oberman, do bequeath my unparalleled industry and my energy as a student to Warner Brown.

I, Clarence Johnson, the "Beau Brummel" of the class, do hereby bequeath to Donald Bishop—our worthy cheer leader, my power of attracting the favorable attention of the fair sex.

I, John Dame, do hereby will and bequeath to Robert Shreve, my position as the most dignified member of the class, hoping that it will procure for him the same advantages from the teachers that I have always enjoyed.

I, Neva Browne, do hereby will and bequeath the remains of my one and only package of henna hair dye to Cornelia Anderson.

I, Jack Johnstone, do hereby will and bequeath to Durand Francis my Cupid lips in order to make him more popular—if possible with the girls of T. H. S.

I, Isaac Oberman, do will and bequeath by permanent wave to Harriet Hall.

I, Martha Dickenson, do will and bequeath my silvery voice to Laura Church.

I, Alfred Johnston, do hereby will my position as Captain of the Football team to Joseph Thompson; I also bequeath to said Joe Thompson the support that the school and team have given me.

I, Rose Brady, do hereby will and bequeath to Mildred Meyer one much-used but still serviceable Vanity Case.

I, Dorothy Francis, do hereby will and bequeath by dignity and composure of manner to Gertrude Mulvihill.

I, Evelyn Kingsley, do hereby will and bequeath my Typewriting medals to the members of the Junior Class who will prove most deserving.

I, Lowell Schiewe, do hereby will and bequeath to Walford Larson my camera, together with full directions for taking snapshots of the Faculty.

I, Bessie Lunberg, knowing that girls of all sizes and types are covetous of my beautiful rosy cheeks, do bequeath the remains of my rouge box, and also the secret of applying said rouge, artistically, to Clarence MeKalip.

Lastly we do hereby name and appoint the Faculty Executors of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of Nineteen Twenty-two, have to this, our last will and testament, set our hand and seal this Nineteenth day of June, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-two.

MARGARET MOULIN, Attorney.

CLASS SONGS

Tune, "Leave Me With a Smile."

Words by Mary Peebles.

To our dear High School, The one we love so well,
We come this evening, To say our last farewell.
Teachers and classmates, We leave, but with regret,
And days so free and happy, That we will not forget.

Chorus.

Now's the time for parting, Out of life we're starting
Farewell T. H. S., Pleasant hours we've spent here,
Friendship rare we've made here, Dear old T. H. S.
So, whatever befall us, and where'er live calls us
True to you we'll be;
Though we hate to leave you, Our best wish we give you—
Farewell T. H. S.

When we were Freshmen, This day seemed far away,
But now all too quickly, The time has passed away,
And now we are Seniors, A class no more we'll be,
But always in our memory, We'll still belong to thee.

Tune, "Tucky Home."

Words by Marion Cohn.

Four short years ago, we came to T. H. S.
Now we're leaving and our fond farewells express,
We will always think of thee
Cherish with sweet memories
The days when we began our Freshman year.

Chorus.

Farewell dear High School, farewell T. H. S.
Oh, how we regret to leave, for us you've done your best.
Farewell, dear classmates and dear teachers, too,
We ne'er will forget you as on through life we go,
We have had our bit of fun, and our work here now is done,
Forward, duty calls us now, leaving you behind.
Still in our hearts, Alma Mater, you'll be
And our class of 1922 bids adieu.

'Neath a flag of green and white, we've worked and played,
Now dear friends and teachers, our farewells we say,
Though the years may pass away
We'll look back and always say
That you, dear school, our standard ere will be.

CLASS POEM

Under the portals of T. H. S.
We entered four years ago,
And oh, the volumes that would have held
The things we did not know.

Many the lesson have we learned
Within these halls so dear,
And many the happy hours we've spent
With teachers and classmates here.

And now Commencement day has come
School days have golden wings,
Now eagerly we face the world
And hope to do great things.

Life's work in earnest now begins
New pathways shall we find,
New friends—new tasks to take the place
Of those we leave behind.

But as we onward wend our way
Whatever may betide,
The spirit of our High School years
Will be our life long guide.

Ideals gained within these walls
Before us we shall keep,
"Excelsior" our motto fine
For us has meaning deep.

Dear classmates, me must part to-day
Perhaps to meet no more,
May all life's choicest blessings come
To each in fullest store.

GRACE COLES.

SENIORS LAST DAY IN SCHOOL

In accordance with the custom of old T. H. S., our last day of school, May 13, we had the right to put on a program in Chapel, and we **did!** After the underclassmen had passed to their respective places, the Seniors descended from Miss Barr's room into the auditorium accompanied by harmonious (?) sounds from various musical instruments and other jazz creating tools. The class looked very stunning, the girls dressed in white with green sashes and green and white sun bonnets, while the boys wore dark trousers, white shirts, green sashes and green caps.

Albin Carlson, our capable President, led us through the astonished student body, on to the stage, off the stage, and into the rooms on either side. Dick Crouch was then sent onto the platform as spokesman, informing the audience that we were going to have a play. He proceeded to call the whole Senior class to the stage, naming them scenery and various articles of furniture, discovering when he had done this, that he had forgotten the cast. Nothing daunted, Dick began calling for certain underclassmen to help which they heartily but shakily did, not knowing exactly what was to happen. Erwin Fritts was the hero, Harriet Hall, the heroine, Bob Shreve, the villian, and Grimes Bishop and Doris Mullen, the extras to fill in.

Now kind hearted Sarah Jane, the High School skeleton whose chief occupation is to assist such "goings on," not wishing to keep us all standing on the stage during the devotional exercises, said she would represent us. We then resumed our seats, taking part in the exercises, while that unabashed flapper dressed in a green and white smock, a scandalously short white skirt and a green cap, stood on the table and flirted with our newly married principal, Mr. Stetson, and Superintendent of the Schools, Mr. Pease.

Chapel closed with Mr. Pease giving us a farewell speech, and yells being given for him and the faculty. From there we went to our classes still dressed in our much beloved green and white. At noon recess, the class formed in line, and, in full regalia and incidentally with plenty of noise, marched through the down-town streets and showed off to the town's people.

In the afternoon, we terminated our school days in a quiet and orderly fashion, feeling both happy and sad to think that our High School days were over.

ALUMNI

Stop—reader and ere you go
Listen to our tale of woe,
Told by the Senior Class and oh
Our exams came the last of May!

When we were Freshies green
The whole world used us mean,
We could not even be seen
But that we were tormented.

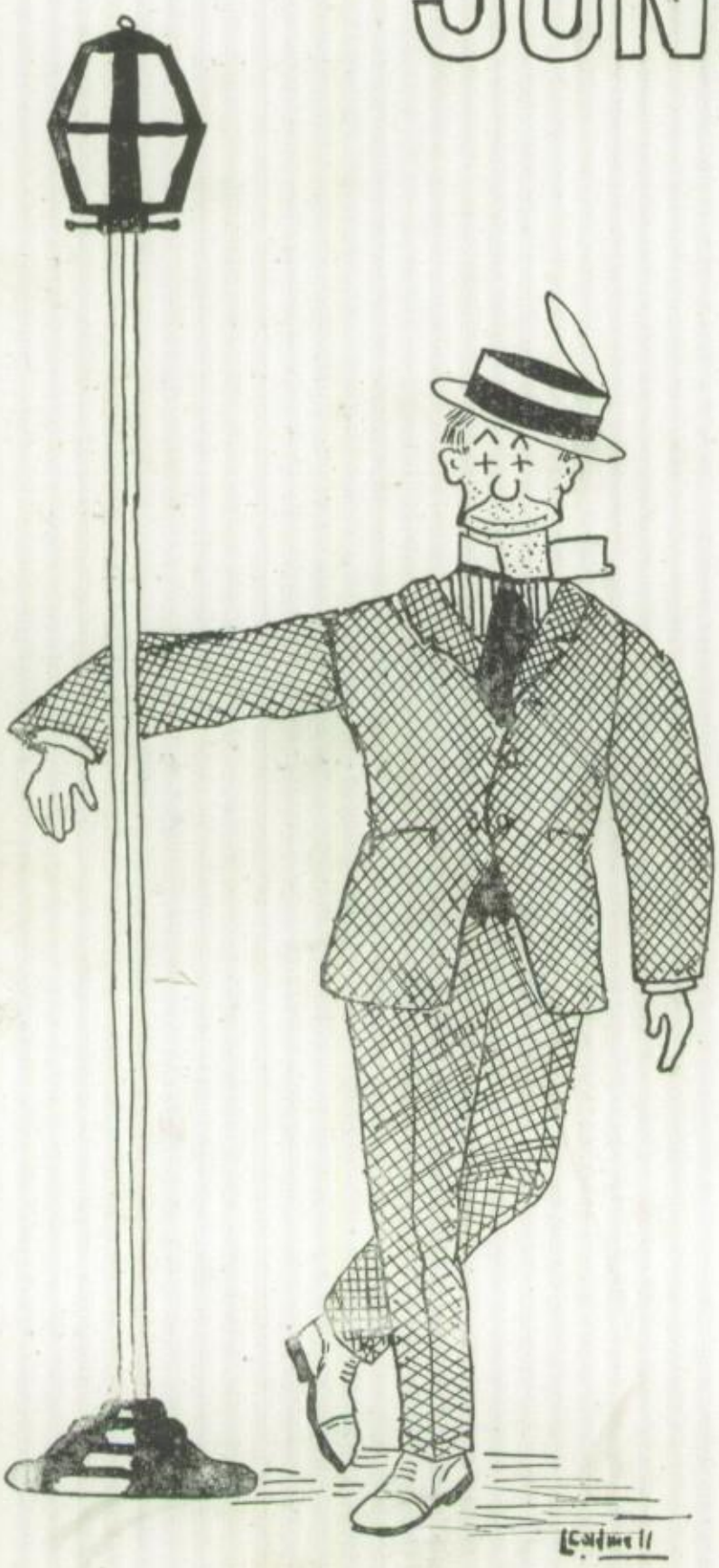
But when we Sophomores grew
Life was not quite so blue,
For in a year we knew
We would be Juniors.

When we were Juniors gay
We had life our way,
And looked forward to the day
When we would be Seniors.

Now we are Seniors bold
And this tale is nearly told
And as the classes of old,
We'll be alumni.

ETHYL ALCOHOL.

JUNIORS



JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Amboyer, Marian
Anderson, Cornelia
Bailey, Frances
Becker, George
Bisbee, Mary
Bishop, Donald
Bishop, Emory
Boyle, Milliard
Brailsford, Ruth
Burch, Robert
Burdick, Virginia
Church, Laura
Curry, Kenneth
Dame, Elizabeth
DeMille, Norine
Fine, Goldie
Fineberg, Benjamin
Francis, Durand
Frawley, Robert
Fritts, Erwin
Hall, Harriet
Harris, Paul
Henton, Opal
Herring, Eyla
Hummer, Ralph
Hyman, Alice
Knapp, Buna
Larson, Walford
Lindblade, Howard
Lindeen, Harry
Linden, Harold
Lofgren, Helen
Markley, Florence
Mars, Marian
McCaslin, Lottie
McKalip, Clarence
Meader, Mildred
Meyer, Mildred
Mulvehill, Gertrude
Mulvey, Raymond
Nelson, Ralph
Paul, Mary
Peterson, Olive
Reed, Homer
Rettig, Miriam
Roberts, Floyd
Ross, Carrie
Ross, Ellen
Schehr, Dolores
Shreve, Robert
Sjoden, Helen
Staub, Ernest
Steinbuhler, William
Stewart, Philip
Sullivan, Ruby
Thompson, Joseph
Twombley, Agnes
Warner, Mary
Whiting, Lawrence
Wizenberg, Mildred

JUNIOR HISTORY

The class of 1923 has, in our opinion, been exceedingly successful since our entrance to the Halls of T. H. S.

As Freshies, under the presidency of George Farwell, who was with us only the one year, what class rivals us in good times and class spirit? Not one.

Our first social event was a party held at the Y. W. C. A. and which was voted by all to be a huge success. During the year we held other parties, the principal one taking place during Christmas vacation and on Valentine's day.

No less interesting was our Sophomore year, with Philip Stewart as our President. While we did not hold as many social events as during the previous year our class spirit did not lag but steadily increased until it developed into, as you have known us to be this year, a perfect example of an Ideal class, under the capable presidency of Durand Francis. While Lottie McCaslin fills the office of Vice President and Robert Burch that of Secretary and Treasurer. We did not have many social activities this year, having only two parties in the Presbyterian Gymnasium. This was not due to lack of pep, but to the difficulty of securing a place in which to hold parties.

The last few months we have been very busy raising money for the entertainment of the Class of '22. Our first money for this purpose was obtained by having numerous candy sales, the results of which netted us almost ninety dollars. We here wish to extend our appreciation to those of the class who very kindly co-operated with us by selling boxes of candy outside of school.

On May 19, we presented our play "Much Ado About Betty," and it was said by many to be the best ever given by a class of T. H. S. In fact, it met with such profound approval that the cast was asked by the B. P. O. E. to repeat the play at the Grand Opera House on May 31 under their auspices, but owing to unforseen circumstances this has been indefinitely postponed.

We held our Junior-Senior Prom and banquet on the evening of June 16. It is needless to say that it was a grand success.

It would be a waste of time on our part to single out our vamps, orators, oratoresses, and modistes as they have already made themselves famous.

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE ROLL CALL

Amboyer, Edith
Ames, Margory
Antill, Gladys
Axtell, Claire
Baker, Pauline
Becker, John
Bergstrom, Carl
Bishop, Preston
Boal, Frances
Bodamer, Arthur
Boyle, Gordon
Brown, Clare
Brown, Eldina
Buchanan, Elizabeth
Burch, Susan
Buxton, Genevieve
Cook, Argyl
Curry, Kathryn
Cuthbert, Viola
Duncan, Willard
Dunn, Jessie
Early, Mary
Ekblom, Rachel
Ely, Edna
Foggan, Howard
Ford, Olive
Habich, Dorothy
Habich, Ethel
Hanks, Mary
Hasbrouck, Floyd
Helfrich, William
Hovis, Francis
Hummer, Garret
Hummer, Stanley
Jacobson, Theodore
Kauth, Genevieve
Kehr, Marion
Kelly, Alice
Kendall, Helen
Kerr, Christina
Kerr, Alenia
Lindeen, Anna
Lundberg, Crayton
Mahle, Gladys
McClintock, Helen
McCutchen, Preston
Mullin, Doris
Mulvey, Irene
Myers, Mildred
Nelson, Lucille
Nichols, Lloyd
Parker, Mary
Payne, Anna
Peiffer, Dorotha
Phillips, Ida
Platt, Russell
Price, Vera
Radack, Joseph
Revitzky, Irene
Roof, Eva
Ross, Olive
Shepard, Verna
Shields, Ruth
Sjoden, Catherine
Smedley, Margaret
Steinbuhler, Carolyn
Swanson, Evan
Symmonds, Orpha
Tinsley, William
Tobin, Helen
Tulloch, Kenneth
Vinopal, Edward
Whiting, Herbert
Wilkinson, Ruth
Williams, Margaret
Wilson, Russell

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

The Class of '24 held their first meeting of this year in Miss Davidson's room, September 13, 1922. Last year's president presided over the meeting and the following officers were elected:

President—Theodore Jacobson.
Vice President—Helen Kendall.
Treasurer—Caroline Steinbuhler.
Secretary—Mary Hanks.

The reviving school spirit was shown by the Sophomores at football season. A great majority of both girls and boys buying and selling tickets. Some of the girls also helped on tag day spending either part or all of the day tagging the people who traversed the business streets. One of the class members, Claire Axtell, and her partner, Gertrude Mulvehill, received first prize for collecting the most money for their tags.

The second class meeting was held in the same place and resulted in preparations for a class party. Accordingly, it was held in the Presbyterian Gym the following Friday evening and was enjoyed by all, the Juniors and faculty adding greatly to the amusement. Miss Steele and Erwin Fritts took turns at rattling the ivories. The chaperones were the three new teachers—Miss Steele, Miss Brumbaugh and Mr. Murphy.

As everyone seemed extremely busy with school affairs we did not have another party until Jan. 27. It was held in the Y. W. C. A. and although the first one of its kind and a strictly Sophomore party, it proved a great success. Miss Forsman's usual skill at entertaining was in evidence. Late in the evening refreshments of Eskimos Pies and marshmellows were served.

Although we knew that the members of our class were accomplishment we have discovered even more talent during the last year. It has also been proven that we far from lack pep. Among the stars in the Girls' basbetball team sparkeled the following Sophomores: Orpha Symmonds, Alice Kelley, Catherine Sjoden, Eva Roof and Doris Mullin. While Bill Helfrich, Crayton Lundbreg and Preston Bishop were great stand ups to the football team. Kenneth Tulloch has shown great skill an an artist and Erving Hovis can write splendid stories for English II Special. Both Glee Clubs are well blassde with the classes' best talent which far exceeds that of any other at least in our own estimations. Our class poets are in the minority compared with our story writers, but although they are few their writings are mighty "in quality." Ethel Habich's "Sophomore Girls in Alphabet" was exceedingly clever as well as her poem of "The Old Man's Vision." Frances Boal, a prominent class member who is literary editor for the Optimist, has also added greatly to the interest of our by-weekly paper, by her stories and poems, two of the most noted being "The Mystery" and "The Gypsy Trail," an interesting poem. Other prose writers are Elizabeth Buchanon, Ethel Habich, Marjory Ames, Catherine Curry, Mary Parker and Dorothy Pieffer, the last three of whom the class is very proud of, as they won the first three prizes for the four best Optimist stories.

FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN CLASS ROLL

Amboyer, Grace
Amboyer, Kenneth
Anderson, Amil
Apthorp, Thelma
Baldwin, Francis
Biel, Gertrude
Billig, Hazel
Blum, Marie
Bodamer, Florence
Bradley, Margaret
Brady, Edward
Brecht, William
Broderick, Mary
Brown, Candace
Brown, Noel
Brown, Warner
Bunce, Alfred
Caldwell, Louis
Campbell, Hillis
Carr, Bergle
Childs, Hazel
Church, Charles
Dillon, Katherine
Douglass, Grace
Edwards, Elmer
Eshbaugh, Mildred
Fisher, Alicia
Flockerzy, Edward
Foresther, Gertrude
Forsburg, Donald
MacMillan, Adelaide
Macormack, John
Maier, Catherine
Mallery, Gertrude
Markley, Mae
Marsh, Beatrice
McGeorge, Madge
McGinley, Marian
Miller, Guryneth
Mook, Iris
Moore, Hazel
Murray, Elouise
Nelson, Ethel
Netcher, May
Nichols, Irene
Obert, Alene
Orr, James
O'Shea, Loretta
Palmer, Erma
Pastorious, Emery
Patterson, Clifford
Peterson, Louis
Preston, Hubert
Rand, Leora
Resnikoff, Sadie
Rib, Elaine
Ricke, Louie
Root, Frank
Ross, Homer
Roydes, Clarence

FRESHMEN CLASS ROLL

Francis, James
Frawley, Richard
Fuller, Alva
Gerwick, Donald
Gilson, Josephine
Gahn, Loretta
Gregg, Floyd
Hall, Marian
Hancox, Frederick
Hancox, May
Hasbrouck, Catherine
Hermann, Milton
Hesch, Helen
Hogg, Ruby
Hull, Mary
Johnstone, Ethel
Kaufman, Ethel
Kerr, Madeline
Kerr, Marian
Kerr, Priscilla
Larson, Lorraine
Lasher, Oloff
Lesner, Elverna
Lindblade, Anna
Lindquist, Adeline
Locke, Clair
Locke, Fred
Mack, Marion
Mack, Robert
Schiewe, Edward
Schneider, Emory
Seeley, Paul
Sherred, Frances
Smith, Paul
Spencer, Marguerite
Staub, Ruth
Stewart, Herbert
Stuck, Maud
Swanson, Eola
Tanner, Dorothy
Thayer, Dale
Thompson, Francis
Tucker, Pearle
VanAllen, Edward
Varnum, Herbert
Wagner, John
Wagstaff, Aralaine
Wallen, Gertrude
Warner, Bertha
Warner, Florence
Westgate, Marian
Whiting, Opal
Wilkinson, Margaret
Wilson, Emerald
Wilson, Iona
Ziniber, Earl
Ziegenhine, Winifred

FRESHMEN HISTORY

Colors: Blue and Silver.

In September, 1921, our class elected the following officers at our very first class meeting: President, Louis Caldwell; Vice President, Milton Hermann; Secretary and Treasurer, Winifred Ziegenhine.

Our President is naturally a much liked person. His good disposition is a result of sleeping out in a tent in his back yard every night. He has been greatly assisted in his duties by our energetic Vice President.

Financially, we have been very successful this year, due to the thoughtful care of our Secretary and Treasurer. We have made fifty-four dollars all together and have spent forty-four dollars and twenty-two cents, leaving us nine dollars and seventy-eight cents to the good.

The Freshman class has always supported all school activities to the utmost. The boys supported the Optimist better than any other class, and they were second over the top in he sale of the Year Book.

Mr. Bitters is looking froward to good football material from our class next year.

Donald Forsburg has been the gushing fountain from which our class has acquired its spirit. Donald is quite a heavy lad, but nevertheless, he is not still one minute. See if you can find him in the picture.

Watch out for Francis Thompson when he is driving his Studebaker, because he may be looking at the stars. He studies astronomy,.

If anyone asks you, "Who is that girl in the Class of '25 who plays the piano so wonderfully?" tell him she is Marian Kerr, and you will have hit the nail on the head. She is the orchestra pianist, and can rival anyone in the High School as a soloist.

Yes, our class has beauty. Just look at the picture—seeing's believing. Clifford Patterson is our smiling philosopher. He is also a second Caruso.

Don't forget. The Class of '25 has been successful in more ways than one; it has passed one hundred per cent. of all its members. Sounds impossible, but let me explain--the ones that didn't pass are the class of '26.

EIGHTH GRADE ROLL

Alden, Frances
Armagost, George
Axtell, Edward
Baird, Alfred
Bergstrom, Willard
Benson, Dorothy
Biel, Genevieve
Blum, Eva
Bly, Madelyn
Bodamer, Helen
Bryan, Frances
Buchan, Elizabeth
Buffenberger, Opal
Carlson, Katherine
Carter, Bertha
Carter, John
Castman, Clarence
Clark, Mabel
Cook, Wayne
Corwin, Lillian
Currenc, Dorothy
Daly, Agnes
Dame, Robert
Daugherty, Goldie
Daugherty, Ruth
Davis, Florence
Dickinson, Warren
Dietrick, Juaniata
Dustman, Mildred
Eason, Henry
Emerson, Lillian
Fine, Joseph
Fogelquist, Lucille
Forestner, Louis
Francis, Tyrella
Fuller, Enetta
Gordon, Emoline
Gottman, Violet
Graff, William
Helfrich, Edward
Holmberg, Milton
Hoffman, John
Jacobson, Kenneth
Jillson, Martha
Kelly, Kenneth
Knapp, Freda
Krieger, Harry
Kuntz, Helen
Larson, Elfreda
Lefford, Viola
Levy, Howard
Light, Dorothy
Marris, Anna
Masiker, Elda
Mayer, Robert
Meyers, Thelma
McElhaney, Raymond
McGavern, Jack
Newton, Hiram
O'Hare, George
Palmquist, Ernest
Polansky, Goldie
Pringle, Troy
Propheter, Mabel
Riley, Gerrit
Rubin, Rebecca
Savard, Allen
Schlosser, Hugo
Schultz, Arthur
Small, Levra
Smedley, Rexford
Smith, Ellsworth
Stahl, Mae
Stevenson, Irene
Stevenson, Laurence
Stockowitz, Kathryn
Sykes, Rupert
Thompson, Arthur
Turner, Frank
Udey, Clara
VanGuilder, Florence
Wagner, Nellie
Wallen, Evelyn
Watson, Arthur
Watson, Margaret
Wentworth, Helen
Wolf, Laura
Woodward, Lucy

ATHLETICS

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

Years gone by have established the rule—a good football team means a poor basketball team—an unsuccessful football team means an excellest basketball. Without a doubt, this has been proven the rule moreso this year than ever before.

It was the most successful football squad we have had in years, in fact since 'way back in '15, '16 and '17, when the defeat of Oil City or Warren was an annual occurrence and meant but little in the young lives of our gridiron warriors. Football had been on the decline from that time on, until all of a sudden, something happened in the school that seemed to place football on the high elevation to which it belonged. A sport that had been in the last stages of death, was prodded, shaken-up—and the team representing T. H. S. was destined to become the champions of Northwestern Pennsylvania, and the lightweight champions of the entire state.

It was the arrival of Mr. E. W. Bitters to the school that caused the change in the football outlook. Mr. Bitters came to us as the head of the Commercial department and as general supervisor of athletics. He had been an "All-Conference" center of the University of Wisconsin in their championship team of 1917. And he knew football. He knew how to impart his knowledge to the men under him, many of whom had never played the game before. He knew just how to instill that little grain of ambition and determination—that something powerful enough to make the weakest team win against odds.

Mr. Bitters was confronted with great handicaps at the beginning of the year. True, there was a squad of about twenty-five men who came out to practice at the call for candidates. But of this group, there was a scant half dozen who had played in any game before. An entirely new back-field must be developed and the remnants of the line be patched up and strengthened. As the squad was an unusually light one, Coach Bitters was forced to rely upon speed and endurance instead of weight. A combination of back-field stars was finally made, and they proved to be the most brilliant of the entire state.

The season opened on September 24 with a game at home against our old foe, Cambridge Springs. There was not much confidence expressed in the team, and only the players themselves knew that they would win. It required a lot of effort on their part to force the two touchdowns over the goal line. It was this game that woke the town to the fact that T. H. S. had a fighting team this year and were out to win. The score of our first contest was 14-0, and marked the beginning of a long and up-hill struggle for supremacy.

Corry had always been a dangerous rival of ours, but imagine the surprise when our light-weights journeyed to that place on October 1 and won with little difficulty, 53-0. It was in this game that "speed" became the real key-note of our attack, and the pre-

cision with which the long end-runs were pulled was a marvel. Brady was out of the game, and the five subs carried along were all given a chance to play during the second half.

The big surprise of the early season was pulled on the following Friday. It was at Erie, and against the heavy East High team. The playing field was a sea of mud, and a steady down-pour of rain kept up during the entire contest. The T. H. S. squad scored quickly in the first quarter, but the score was still the same at the half, 6-0. In the third quarter, East High shoved over a touchdown because of several costly fumbles and kicked the goal, and led, for the while, 7-6. In the last quarter, however, with less than five minutes to play, we took advantage of several of their fumbles and the game ended with the first real step of our championship career accomplished. We had defeated one of the strongest Erie County teams, under adverse conditions, 12-7.

On October 15, Corry presented themselves for their return game, but the story was the same as before. The second team played practically the entire second half and they aided in piling the score up to 67-0.

A most decisive and important step was accomplished the following Saturday when Youngsville lost to the score of 13-0. Although we had originally scheduled the game with the Youngsville "High School," the team that put in its appearance was no other than the famous A. E. F. team. We played them, however, and thus reserved for ourselves a seat in the Hall of Fame.

The game that had been looked forward to with some misgivings finally came along. It was at Cambridge Springs on October 29, and our team at that time was a badly crippled one. We unloosed a wonderful attack in the opening quarter, but not until the third touchdown had crossed the line, would the referee count it as a score. In the third period, Thompson made a brilliant off-tackle run for 45 yards for the other "legal" touchdown. The score was 13-0.

Then came the contest of which we are the most proud. Franklin came here, November 12, and our boys, after the most thrilling battle of the year, won by the score of 19-0. All of our points were made in the first half, as Franklin tightened up considerably during the second half, and this, together with the very short quarters, prevented us from further scoring.

But our wonderful little football machine was not destined to go through the season without the taste of defeat. It came, our last game of the season, with Warren, and on our own grounds at that. It was played on a sea of mud and in a steady downpour of rain. Our lads outplayed the heavier Warren team but one costly fumble in the second period gave them their only points. At the time, we were on their three-yard line, second down and goal to go, when one of our men fumbled the center's pass. A Warren player received the ball, and with perfect interference, raced 97 yards for a touchdown. The score was 6-0.

Despite this defeat, we were the acknowledged champions of Northwestern Pennsylvania, and our challenges were unanswered. Through Pittsburgh papers we made our claim to the light-weight championship of the state. This also was unanswered, and so there we are.

COACH E. F. BITTERS

To Mr. Bitters, we owe the success of our 1921-22 football team. There is no doubt about that. When he came to Titusville last fall, as the head of the Commercial Department, we had but small prospects of ever placing a football team in the field. Only a few of the previous year's unsuccessful team was on hand, and practically all the material was new. After a month of strenuous practice, a team was placed on the gridiron, and that team became the champions of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

ALFRED H. JOHNSTON.

Alfred Johnston was the captain of this year's football team, and worked well with Mr. Bitters in attaining the high honor due to the team. "Al" played his position at left end, and filled his part to perfection. Especially good at giving and breaking interference, he made the left end of the line strong and safe. Al is lost by graduation this year, and his place will be a hard one to fill.

FOOT BALL WRITE-UPS

Alfred Johnston, '22, captained the football team through their successful season. Al is located at left end, and is a player of no small ability. He is especially good at breaking and giving interference.

Joseph Thompson, '23, the midget half-back, has been elected as captain of the 1922-23 squad. Joe's ability in all lines of sport is well known, and his football talent is no exception. End runs and receiving forward passes are his favorite methods of advancing the ball.

In Arthur Brady, '22, we have our plunging full-back. His loss to the team is a severe blow as without a doubt he is the best full-back ever developed in T. H. S. He can punt and toss the passes, and most especially he can get the extra yardage that is needed to make downs.

Max Oberman, '22, is the little fellow at quarter-back. He is a wonder at calling the figures in directing the game, and his end runs and his gains through center are almost of national renown. It was up to Max to keep the mroale of the team up, and he did.

Richard Crouch, '22, served as manager of the team, and played his position at center. Accurate passing was his specialty, and on the defense he was a man who had to be reckoned with.

Charles Fritts, '22, played at right tackle, and he was one of the mainstays of the line. When Max called for a play through him, there was always a hole big enough to admit a battleship.

William Helfrich, '24, is reputed as being the fastest man on the team. His position is half-back, and he is known for his ability to cut around the ends for long gains. We expect still greater things of Bill in the next two years.

At right end, Raymond Mulvey, '23, kept everything air-tight and under cover. Rip is a professional at receiving the forward passes, and his gains in this manner are usually lengthy ones.

In Durand Francis, '23, tackle, the line had their tower of strength. It was useless for an opponent to try to get past Du, and usually erstwhile gains resulted in dead losses.

Philip Stewart, '23, played one o fthe guard poitions. His work was noticeable throughout the season, especially on the defensive plays. His hobby was to recover fumbles in the opponent's backfield. Phil is manager of the 1922-23 team.

Warner Brown, '24, played the other guard and occasionally the fullback positions. In the former position he is good on the defense, and in the latter is a consistent plunger through the line.

Harold Linden, '23, is a good man in the guard position. His ability was especially noticed in the Erie game when he stopped the bad gaps in the line. Pete has another year in which to serve T. H. S.

BASKET BALL SEASON

Basketball came around with everyone predicting a wonderful season. They had good reasons for thinking this, however, as the squad seemed to be in perfect condition. At the beginning of the season, we had the entire team of the previous year (which, by the way, had been the best in the history of the school), and later on new material was unearthed that served to strengthen the team. Earl Hall had also been hired to coach the team again, and this fact was looked upon with special favor.

The schedule, it is believed, had much to do with the outcome of the season. Many of the teams played were simply out of our class entirely, and none of the games were easy. The weak teams, such as had been played in the year before, were cut out, and Manager Carlson obtained teams that were great drawing cards on the home floor.

Then, again, this was our first year to be in the N. P. I. A. A., a basketball league fostered by Grove City College. We ended up the schedule in a tie with Meadville for the cellar position. Although three players are lost by graduation this year, there is every belief that next year will show us lodged higher on the league championship ladder.

The season opened auspiciously on December 9, with Sheffield H. S. as the opponents on the "Y" floor. Our boys got away with a bad start, and at the end of the quarter were lagging, 6-5. In the succeeding quarters, however, they loosened up and cinched the game by a 55-25 score.

On December 16, we played a team that was classed far above us. The players were members of Allegheny College, two of them being regulars, and they styled themselved the "Collegians." They had everything their own way the first half, rolling up a 30-4 score. In the second half, our boys came back strong and succeeded in bringing the score to 46-33.

Our first out-of-town game was played at Kane, December 22. Our boys deserved to win by a large score, and only the referee kept them from doing so. The final score was 41-30.

We succeeded in putting one over on the Alumni team to the tune of 42-18. The game was a fast one, and it was simply because of the lack of practice for the ex-high men that the game was not closer.

January 6 witnessed our worst defeat of years. The team that was destined to become the Pennsylvania state champions trounced us on their own floor, 72-11. Thus, again, did Warren turn back our athletes.

We lost another the following Friday to Sheffield. Only two of the regular team were in the line-up, and the two teams seemed to be fairly well matched. The final standing was 23-19.

The next day our boys stopped off at Tionesta. Although handicapped by the small size of the gym, and by the absence of one of the star recruits of the previous evening, our squad came out ahead after a hard up-hill struggle, 35-29.

One of the real thrills of the basketball season was furnished on Wednesday, January 18. The famous Polish College team were out-pointed after four periods of neck-to-neck racing, 38-34.

The first league game of the season was played at Oil City on Friday of the same week. Our lads showed wonderful improvement the second half, and, although Oil City won, 32-21, it was only after a hard battle.

The next night, Franklin opposed us on our own floor in the second league tilt. The score was tied practically all the way through, and an extra period was required. We out-pointed the opponents 5-1 in this period, winning 27-22. This was Franklin's only defeat in the league.

February 3, with high hopes, we invaded Erie. We met up against Academy High, and left the honors with them, 37-24. Not a bad game, though.

We had little difficulty in snowing under Cambridge Springs the following night, 39-10. The first half was fairly close, but there was nothing to it the second half.

We started a bad losing streak when we hit up against Meadville in another league contest. We only scored one field goal in this game, the final count being 33-17.

At Polish College, the next evening, we played a football game under basketball rules. We almost won, though, 25-22.

Academy of Erie came here February 17 for their return game. We got away to a good start, and led in the scoring until the final quarter. Academy's spurt gave them the game, 31-24. Hard luck!

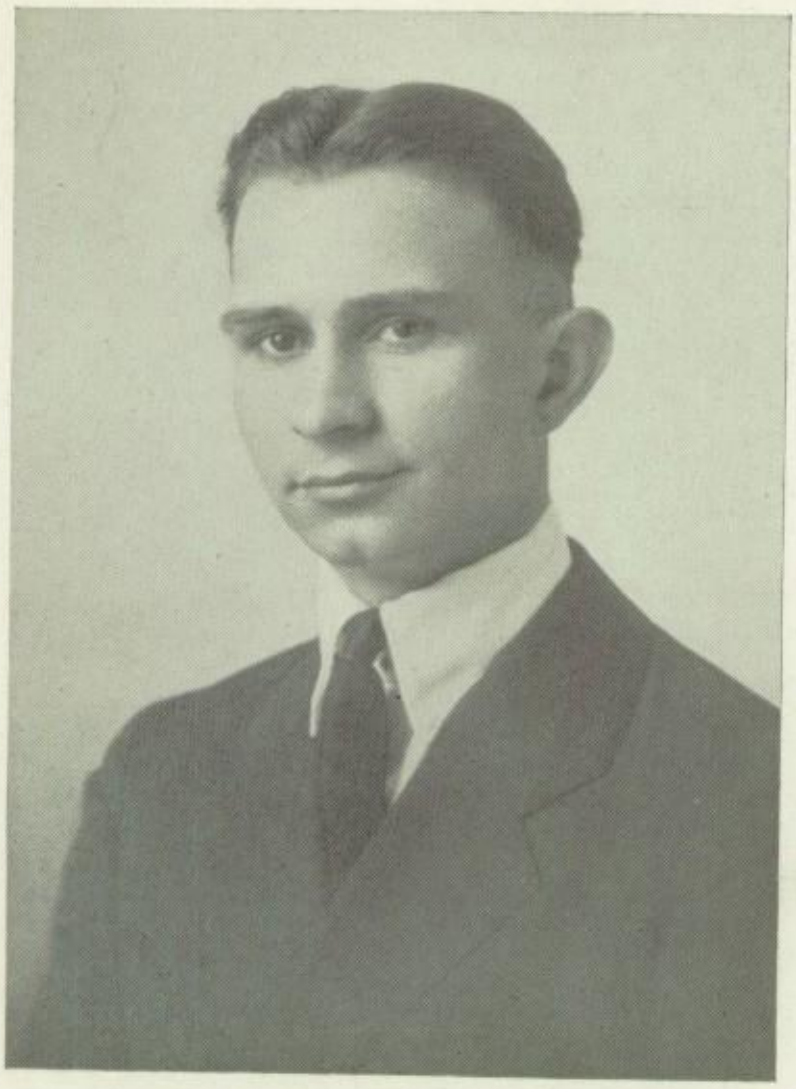
Warren again demonstrated their superior ability and knowledge of basketball in the game played at home February 24. Our last minute rally came too late, and the Warren boys were the victors, 57-32.

Revenge is sweet—especially when we got Meadville over here, and trounced them 42-21. Meadville didn't have a ghost of a show, although the score was tied at the end of the first quarter at 10.

Our chances to cop the league cup of District No. 3 were shot on March 11 when we lost to Franklin on their floor. We outplayed them the entire game, but they got the points. Score, 19-11.

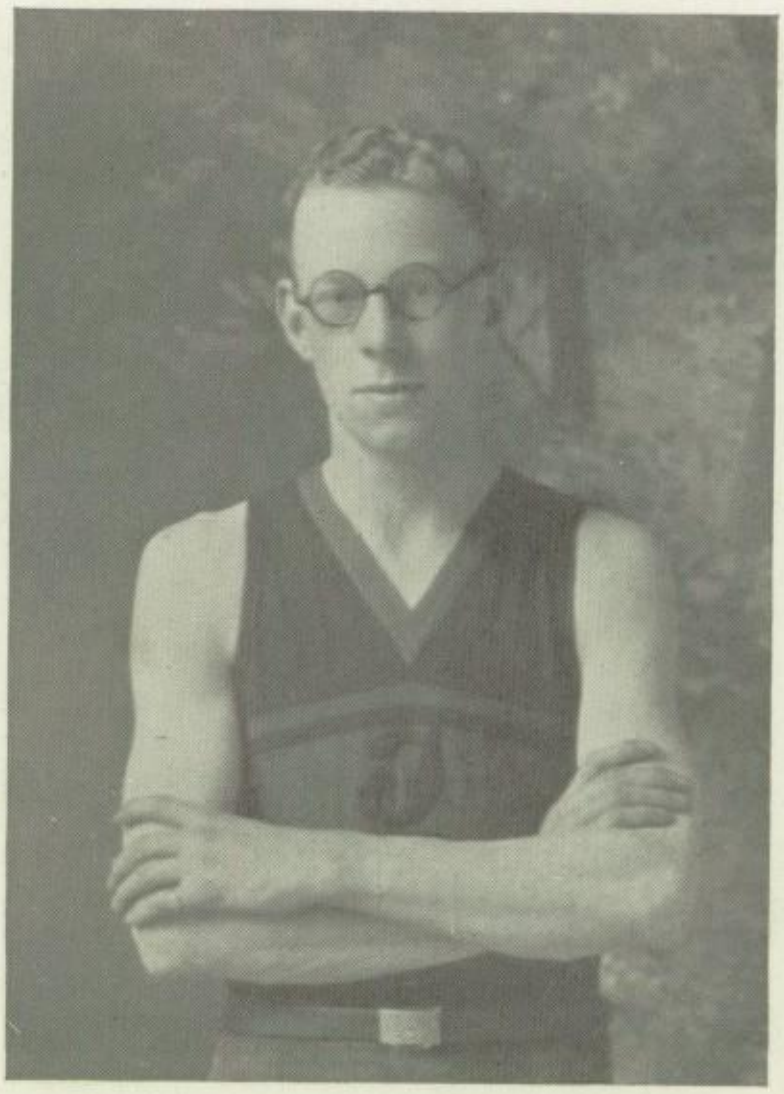
Our lads were considerably discouraged after the Franklin game, and allowed Oil City to overcome a twelve-point lead, and win, 42-40. At one time we were ahead 36-24, but after a heart-breaking rally, O. C. won.

We met Rocky Grove on their own floor in the last game of the season. We had considerable trouble in winning, after the opponents had commanded a five-point lead. The final score was 37-24.



EARL D. HALL.

This year, as was the case last year, the School Board was able to secure Earl Hall as coach of the basketball teams. Contrary to expectations, however, the season was not what could be called a successful one, that is, for the boys' part. The girls had a very successful year and much credit is due Mr. Hall. There is every prediction of a good season for next year, but only the future can decide this.



WILLIAM RENFREW.

"Lanky" was the captain of basketball this year. Together with Coach Hall he worked hard and strenuously in perfecting the team, but illness on his part and also of the other members of the team, prevented a better season. Much disappointment was expressed when the team failed to win the league championship, but more success will be their lot next year.

BASKET BALL WRITE-UPS

William Renfrew, '22, was captain of this year's basketball squad. Scotty played center, and usually had the jump on his opponent. Sickness and injuries kept him from performing quite as brilliantly as he did last year.

Joseph Thompson, '23, played left forward, and is the team's choice for the captaincy of next year's squad. Joe not only was the highest point-getter on the team, but held similar honors for the entire league.

Max Oberman, '22, performed in the other forward position, and was a consistent basket thrower. Max and Joe are a perfect pair of forwards with their speed and ability.

Arthur Brady, '22, was our mainstay in the guarding end of the game. There were a number of games this year in which Art either held his man scoreless or to fewer baskets than he got.

Clifford Ritts was the other regular guard, and he also annexed a number of "scoreless" honors. Click is still undecided as to whether he will be back next year.

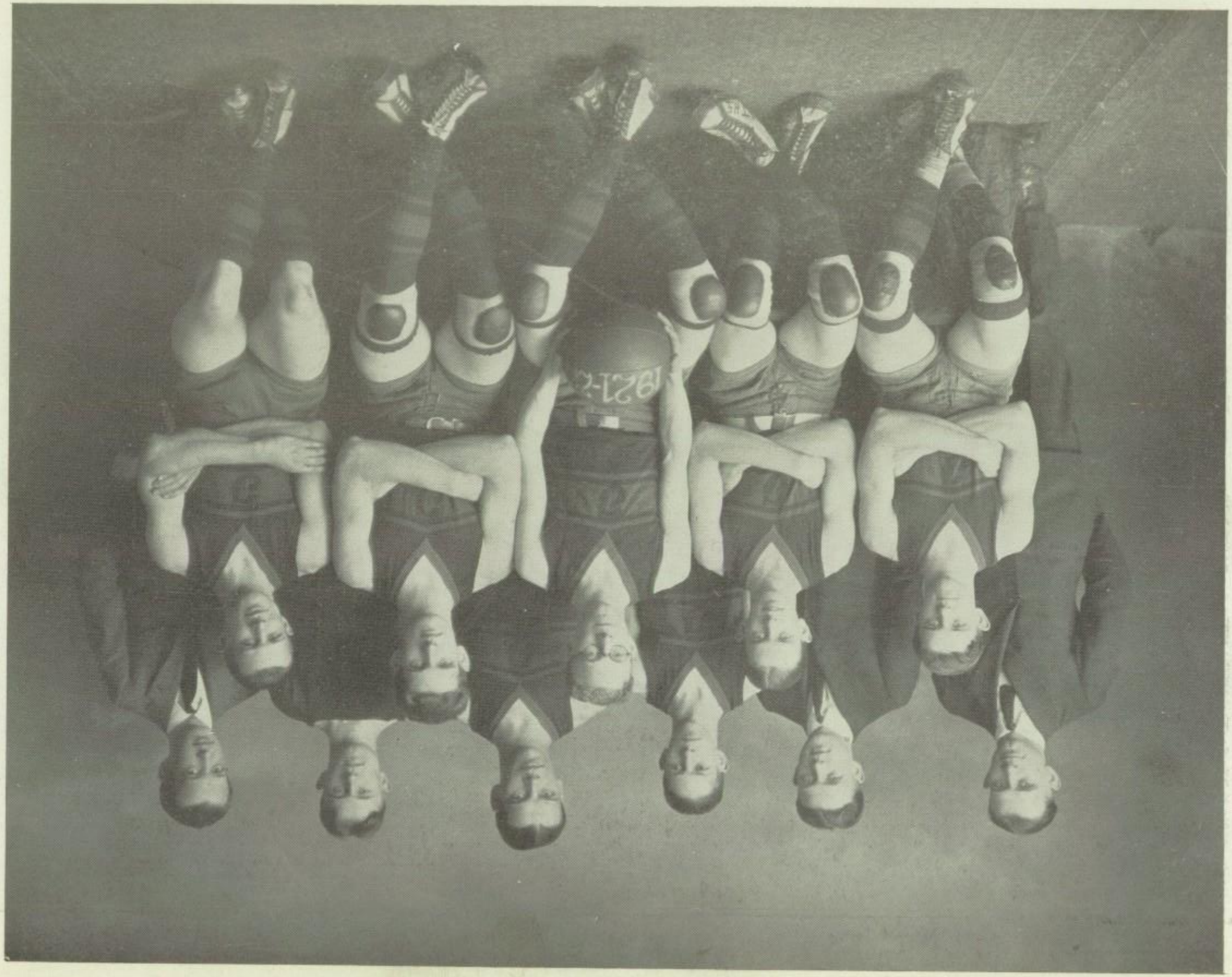
Durand Francis, '23, was proficient in either the center or forward positions. This was the first year he had been out for basketball, and great things are expected of him next year.

Warner Brown, '24, was also a new man to the squad, and had his position at guard or center. He played a consistent game, and will be an important asset to the team next year.

William Helfrich, '24, took part in a number of games, usually playing a guard position. He is a fast man with the ball, and a very close guard.

Raymond Mulvey, '23, was only able to play in three games due to sickness, and he made himself well known in those three. Rip is a forward, and is looked upon as being one of our best men next year.

Albin Carlson, '22, acted as manager of the team, and all credit is due him for his ability in securing the best of teams as our opponents.



GIRLS BASKET BALL.

For the first time in years the girls' basketball team has been a championship one. In fact, no team has been developed since 1910 that could be called a real, high-class aggregation until this year. And this year's team broke all records. The material that was left from the squad of the previous year was considered to be too light, inexperienced and incompetent. For a while there was talk of abandoning the project of a girls' team. However, when Earl Hall was hired as coach of the boys' team, he was also given the job of developing a girls' squad, and this he did.

There were about twenty-five girls reporting to the first practice, most of these being in the lower classes of the school. After a week, the squad was reduced to twelve, and the season opened shortly after. Getting away with a bad start, the team lost two of their first four played, but then settling down, they won nine out of the remaining ten. By reason of their decisive victories over Meadville and the one over Oil City, our girls were entitled to styling themselves "Champions of Northwestern Pennsylvania." None of the teams of the surrounding country saw fit to dispute the claims, and thus it is that T. H. S. had a championship girls' team, where the boys' team had failed.

The season opened on the home floor, December 2, with Franklin as the opponents. Our line-up was more or less of an experiment and Franklin had little difficulty in winning, 15-4.

On the 9th, the team went to Meadville, where, after a hard, up-hill struggle, they won. Meadville was leading at the end of the first half, but the final score stood 15-10 in our favor.

At Corry, on December 16, our girls found little opposition in the Corry H. S. team. The score was 28-1.

On the following Friday, the girls journeyed to Oil City, losing by a close score of 9-7. Poor foul-shooting was the cause fo this defeat.

Cambridge Springs came here on January 6 and gave our girls but little opposition. We had the game cinched at the end of the half, 16-2, so the second team was put in. Final standing was 18-9.

On January 20 Corry H. S. put in their appearance for their return game. 29-7 was the final score.

The Business Girls Club of the Y. W. C. A. were next taken over, 23-4 . This team consisted mostly of high school players of one and two years ago.

Meadville's so-called champion team came here for a game and were humiliated, 17-6. This put our team in the front as the coming champs of the district. Correct.

Our girls suffered a severe set-back at the hands of the Franklin team at that place, February 10. Poor foul-shooting was again the cause of defeat, as our general playing was far superior to Franklin's. The score was 15-9.

Everything looked rosy again after Oil City was routed, 13-6. This off-set the defeat at Franklin, as O. C. was considered as having a much better team than Franklin.

At Cambridge Springs our girls played one of the closest games of the season, finally winning 8-2. Very rough game, although Cambridge didn't get a field goal.

The next two games were with Sheffield, the first being played here on February 24, and resulting in a 9-4 win. On March 3 our crippled team went to that place and succeeding in coming out ahead, 8-5.

Pleasantville was the las tto fall beneath the onrush of our girls. 'Twas their own fault, though, as they had been blowing about their team. Score, 30-3. Thus ended the most successful season of girls' athletics in the history of the school.

GIRLS' WRITE-UPS

Mable Kerr, '22, our captain and manager, had her position at center. She easily had the tip-off on all her opponents, and was in this way directly responsible for most of the wins. She was high scorer for the year.

Bessie Lundberg, '22, had the reputation of being the fastest person on the team. She played forward and made a greater number of field goals than anyone else on the team.

Doris Mullin, '24, played the other forward position. She and Bessie are just fast enough to keep the entire opposing team busy. Tuffie scored just one less basket than her running mate.

Laura Church, '23, played as guard, and is the team's choice as next year's captain. It was not very often that an opposing forward got past Laura and scored a field goal. In fact, it was almost impossible.

Mildred Meyer, '23, was our running guard, and has been elected as manager for next year. It almost seemed that her opponent was playing guard instead of forward. Mid made quite a number of baskets.

The girls are left in good shape for next year as there is a wealth of material. Besides the three left from this year's team, there will be Kelly, Sjoden, Brailsford and Symmonds as the principal contenders for positions.

1921-22

THE ATHLETIC PLAY

The Athletic Play, given to raise money for the Athletic Association, proved to be a big success financially and otherwise. The play was a two-act farce entitled "The Fascinating Fanny Brown," directed by Mr. Floyd Whitebread and Mrs. Elizabeth Hanley of the Community Servcie, whose hard work with the fine co-operation of the cast made the play a grand success.

The cast proved to be an all-star one, Bob Shreve and Marian Wallen taking the leads, as two very much in love young people, around whom the play centers. The other players performed their parts very successfully and kept the audience in a constant uproar by their clever acting.

The characters were as follows:

Percival Gale, who keeps a summer Hotel, "Idlewild" ..... Robert Burch

Billy Parsons, the only man of the hotel ..... Robert Shreve

Henry Dudley, a college Sophomore ..... Erwin Fritts

Mrs. Caldwell ..... Dorothy Francis

Audrey Caldwell ..... Gertrude Wallen

Florence Howe ..... Mildred Duplanti

All guests at the hotel.

Mrs. Moffat, a neighboring cottager ..... Jackie Brown

Martha, a servant girl ..... Gertrude Mulvehill

MUSIC

MISS STODDARD'S DEATH.

Miss Jessie Stddard, our well loved music teacher, passed away Saturday evening, October 29, 1921, after a long illness.

The death of Miss Stoddard was a great blow to the public schools, for her life work had been teaching music in the schools of Titusville. Since we were pupils in the grades, she had taught us, helped us with the musical end of our entertainments, and had always aided or advised us in any manner within her power.

Miss Stoddard was wonderful in her ability to train her pupils. Her skill and thoroughness are shown by the success of her Glee Clubs, Orchestra, and the entertainments which her pupils have given. Many of her former scholars are now making good in musical lines, and many more, still in school, will achieve something worth while because of her part in their education.

No one will miss Miss Stoddard quite as much as her pupils who will always remember her as kind, loving and patient, during the years in which we knew her.

Tuesday morning, November 1, 1921, the schools of the city were dismissed in honor of Miss Stoddard, and marched to the Presbyterian Chapel in a body to pay her their last respects. The funeral was conducted from the Chapel at 10:30 o'clock and interment was made in Greenwood cemetery.

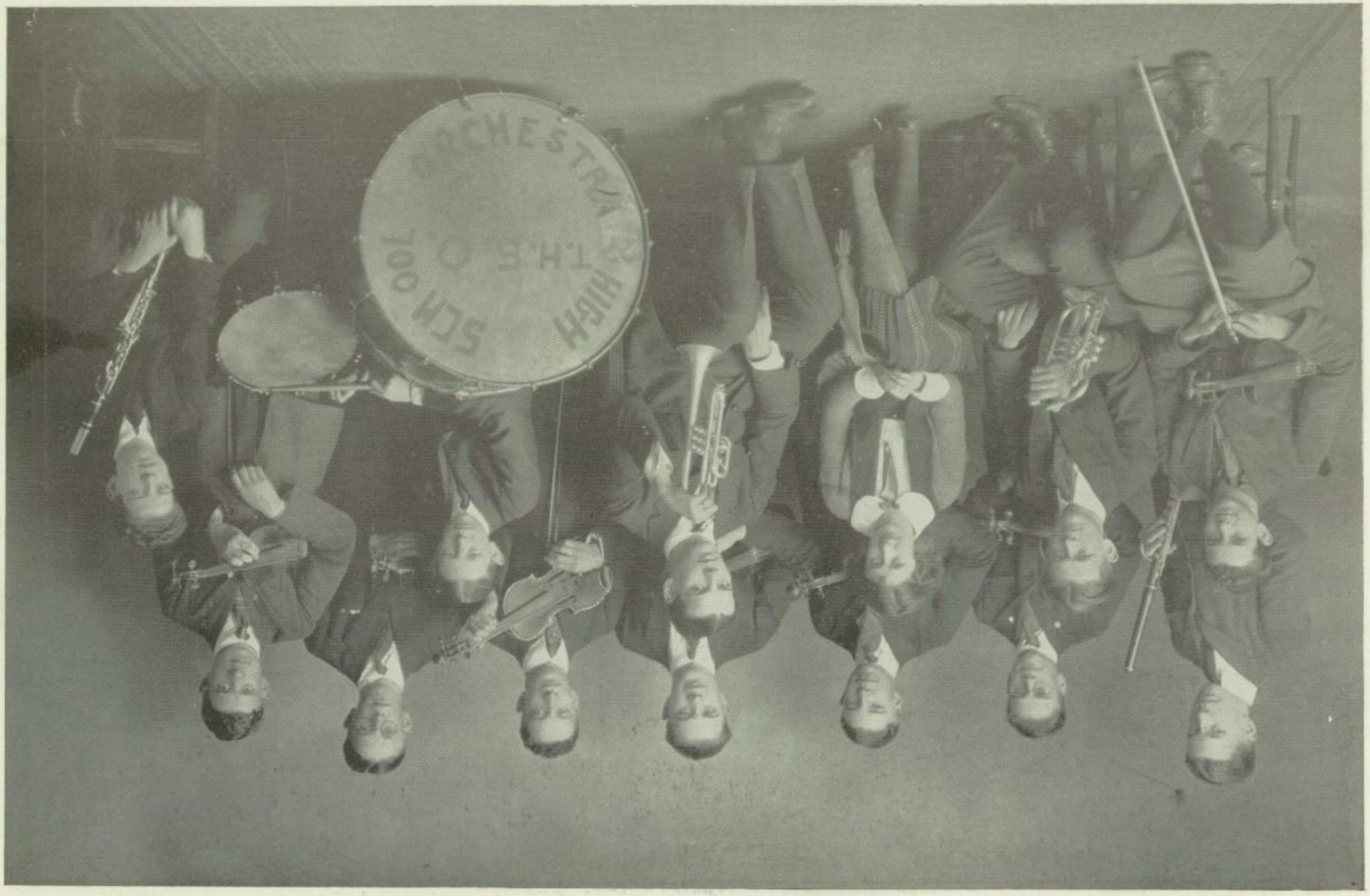
THE JUNIOR PLAY

The Juniors gave their play on May 17, to raise money for the Junior Prom, and it proved to be very much of a success, not only in the manner in which the characters acquitted themselves, but financially as well. The play itself, entitled "Much Ado About Betty," was the best comedy presented in the High School for some time.

The characters were all equally good in their parts, and showed the excellent training they had received by their directors. The entire cast performed as if they were regular actors instead of home talent and certainly deserve all the credit which they have received:

The cast were:

Lin Leonard, Betty's one best bet.....Durand Francis
Major Jartree, of Wichita, not only bent but crooked Philip Stewart
Ned O'Hare, a jolly young honeymooner.....Millard Boyle
Mr. E. Z. Ostrich, who has written a wonderful Picture play..
.....Robert Shreve
Dr. McNutt, solid ivory from the neck up.....Warner Brown
Jim Wiles, a high school senior .....George Becker
Officer Riley, who always does his duty.....Millard Boyle
Officer Dugan, from the Emerald Isle .....Philip Stewart
Archie, a black bell boy at the Hotel Poinsetta....George Becker
Mr. Ebenezer O'Hare, a sick man, and submerged tenth.....
..... Donald Bishop
Mrs. Ebenezer O'Hare, "Birdie," the other nine-tenths.....
.....Laura Church
Aunt Winnie, Betty's chaperone.....Cornelia Anderson
Lizzie Monahan, Betty's maid with a vivid imagination.....
..... Gertrude Mulvehill
Ethel Kohler, a high school admirer of Betty.....Laura Church
Violet Ostrich, a film favorite, Ned's bride.....Lottie McCaslin
Mrs. K. M. Diggins, a guest at the Hotel Poinsetta..Alice Hyman
Daffodil Diggins, her daughter, "Yes Mamma!".....Harriet Hall
Miss Chizzle, one of the North Georgia Chizzles.....
.....Gertrude Mulvehill
Betty, the star of the Movagraph Company.....Helen Powers
Coach, Mr. Floyd B. Whitebread.
Assistant Coach, Miss Mildred Steele.


ORCHESTRA
HIGH
T.H.S.O.
SCHOOL

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Baker, Pauline
Brady, Rose
Burch, Susan
Browne, Neva
Church, Laura
Cohn, Marian
Cramm, Florence
Dame, Elizabeth
Dickinson, Martha
DuPlanti, Mildred
Foggan, Lucile
Francis, Dorothy
Hall, Harriet
Henton, Opal
Hyman, Alice
Jacobson, Alice
Kellogg, Laura
Kelly, Alice
Kerr, Marian
Kingsley, Evelyn
Lundberg, Bessie
Mahl, Gladys
McCaslin, Lottie
McIntyre, Mildred
McMillan, Adelaide
Mook, Iris
Moulin, Margaret
Mullin, Doris
Peebles, Mary
Phillips, Ida
Pieffer, Dortha
Roof, Eva
Steinbuhler, Caroline
Sullivan, Ruby
Symmonds, Orpha
Tobin, Helen
Wallen, Gertrude
Wallen, Marian
Wilkinson, Margaret
Williams, Margaret

Soon after Miss Britton's arrival in T. H. S. the Girls' Glee Club was reorganized, with Mary Peebles as Manager, while Dorothy Francis was elected Librarian. It was decided that the girls meet the eighth period on Tuesday, and that dues of five cents a week be collected from each member. The Girls' Glee Club, although not having appeared in public as often this year as formerly, have not been idle, much time having been given to preparation of the Commencement music. The only public appearance of the Glee Club was on Friday, May 8, at the concert given during Music Week, at which they sang "The Bridal Chorus," from Corvan's "Rose Maiden."

By graduation, we are losing many excellent singers, prominent among whom are Martha Dickinson, Dorothy Francis, Mary Peebles, Mildred DuPlanti and Margaret Moulin, all remembered for their many appearances in public.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club was reorganized soon after the mid-year examinations, meeting the eighth period on Thursday. Robert Shreve was elected manager for the year.

On Wednesday, April 12, the boys entertained in chapel with several seletcions. On May 3 they sang at the Orpheum Theatre. The boys also participated in the Music Week concert at the High School auditorium, May 5, when they sang "Belinda Clarissa," and "the Mermaid." The Boys' Glee Club is also busy preparing music for Commencement.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB ROLL

Bishop, Emory
Bishop, Donald
Bodamer, Arthur
Crouch, Richard
Dame, John
Francis, Durand
Fritts, Charles
Forsburg, Donald
Hummer, Ralph
Johnstone, Jack
McCormack, John
Myers, Raymond
Pastorius, Emory
Renfrew, Wm.
Ritts, Clifford
Roberts, Floyd
Smith, Paul
Shreve, Robert
Stewart, Philip
Swanson, Evan
Vinopal, Edward
Wagstaff, Alvin

MEMBERS OF TROTTY VECK CLUB

Amboyer, Edith
Amboyer, Marian
Anderson, Cornelia
Baker, Pauline
Boal, Frances
Brailsford, Ruth
Browne, Neva
Burch, Susan
Church, Laura
Cohn, Marian
Cuthburt, Viola
DuPlanti, Mildred
Hanks, Mary
Hyman, Alice
Kehr, Marian
Kieffer, Marian
Kelly, Alice
Kendall, Helen
Kerr, Mabel
Kingsley, Evelyn
Knapp, Buna
Lundburg, Bessie
MacIntyre, Mildred
Meader, Mildred
Mulvehill, Gertrude
Nelson, Lucille
Parker, Mary
Paul, Mary
Peebles, Mary
Pieffer, Dorotha
Price, Vera
Rettig, Miriam
Roof, Eva
Ropp, Florence
Schehr, Delores
Shepard, Verna
Smedley, Margaret
Steinbuhler, Carolyn
Symmonds, Orpha
Wallen, Gertrude
Wilkinson, Margaret
Wilkinson, Ruth

TROTTY VECK HISTORY

The Trotty Veck Club, composed of High School girls of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes, was organized in 1921 with Mable McCutcheon as President and Mrs. J. H. Schiede as Club Advisor.

The name Trotty Veck was derived from a character in one of Dicken's stories, a messenger of good cheer, and the club members have always striven to keep before their minds this loving personality.

The club is fairly bubbling over with pep and good fellowship, and the spirit of T. H. S. is not forgotten.

At the first meeting of the school year, 1921-22, the following officers were elected:

President—Pauline Baker.

Vice President—Laura Church.

Secretary—Evelyn Kingsley.

Treasurer—Mildred Meader.

And the committees appointed consisted of the following girls:

Publicity ..... { Frances Boal, Vera Price

Entertainment ..... { Ruth Wilkinson, Mary Paul, Florence Ropp

Membership ..... { Laura Church, Mildred 'MacIntyre, Verna Shepard

Program ..... { Alice Hyman, Mildred DuPlanti, Dorotha Peiffer

The activities of the year began with a delightful Hallowe'en party, held on October 20th, the most notable feature of the evening being the "Chamber of Horrors."

In addition to several evenings spent in service work, the club also held a Christmas party during vacation. Dolls, dressed by the girls, and also toys were distributed among the poor people of the city. Under the direction of Mrs. Coleman Christmas carrols were sung on Christmas eve, in various parts of the city, in which the Trotty Veck girls took a lively interest.

On Monday evening, December 12th, and also on New Year's eve, parties were held, to which the Hi-Y boys were invited, and each was pronounced a great success.

In January the club held its first "Mother and Daughter" banquet. The "Y" was a perfect bower of pink and white, and potted flowers were arranged the length of the long tables. Never in the history of the Y. W. had there been such a banquet, and it was pronounced a great success by every one of the eighty mothers and daughters present.

Miss Frances Boal wrote the club song to the tune of "Ma" and also the poem, "The Good Ship Trotty Veck."

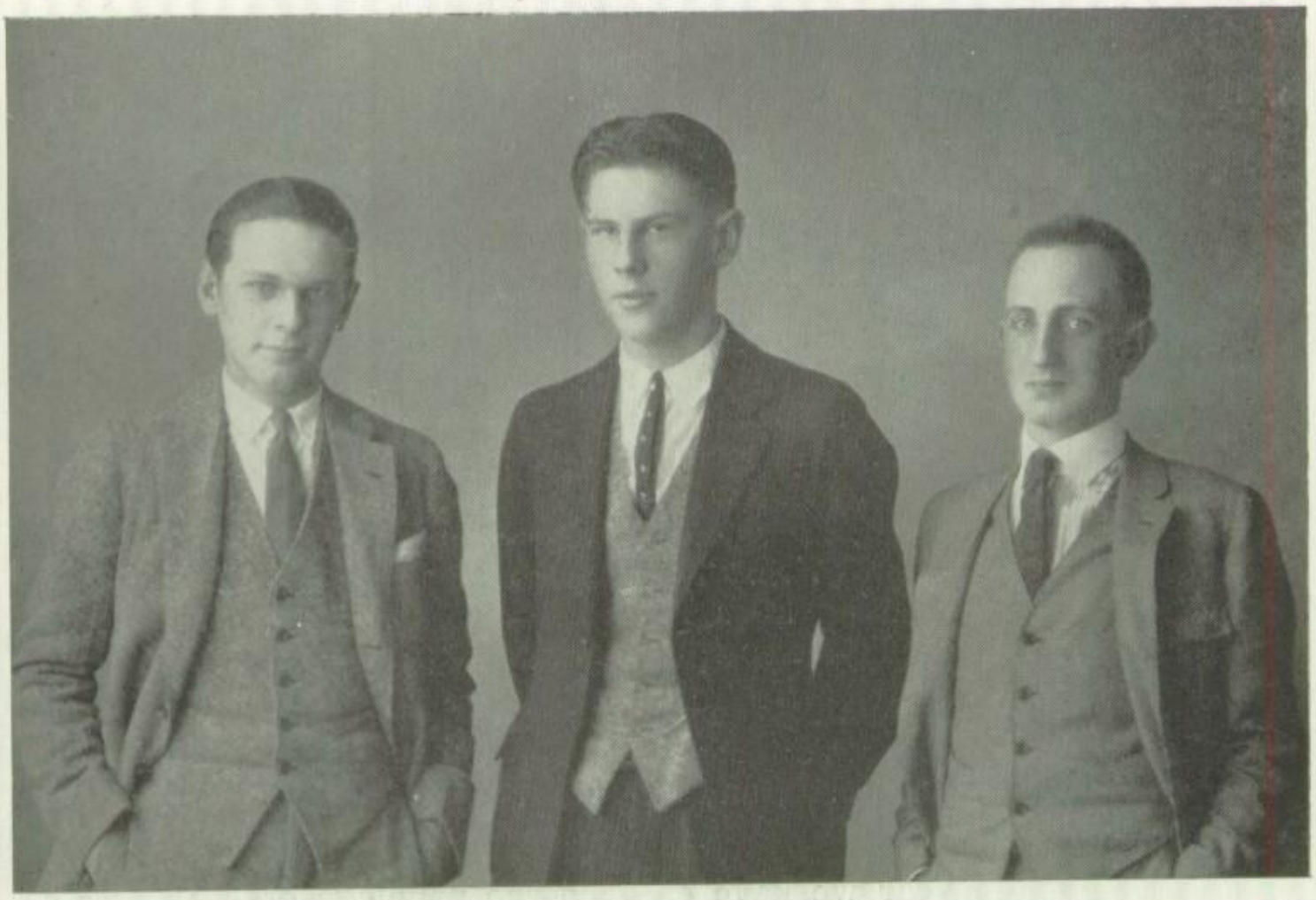
A vocal duet, "Mother O' Mine," was rendered by the Misses Margaret Moulin and Mildred MacIntyre, accompanied by Miss Florence Ropp, and short talks were given by Mrs. W. P. McCutcheon, Mrs. C. T. Evans and Mrs. J. H. Schiede, and during the banquet rousing cheers were given for Miss Pauline Baker, President of the club, Miss Frances Boal, club poet, and for the club artist, Miss Vera Price. Toasts were also given by the toastmistress of the evening, Miss Evelyn Kingsley, and the banquet was followed by a playlet entitled "The Village Schoolhouse."

In February a Colonial tea and food sale was given by the club in honor of Washington's birthday. The hostesses and waitresses were in Colonial costume, and the affair was considered a great success.

During the year we have enjoyed the privilege of hearing a good many excellent speakers, among whom were Mrs. Schiede, who spoke of her work in New York's lower East Side, Miss Millar of the Moody Bible Institute, and Miss Deitrich, the Y. W. Field Secretary of this district.

We have planned to hold a picnic at Hillside Camp soon after the close of scohol for the purpose of welcoming the present Freshman girls who wish to join the club next year.

Altogether we feel that we have spent a very successful year, and that some really "worth while" things have been accomplished. By graduation we lose some of our most earnest workers, but we hope that the girls of the younger classes, who are each year taking the place of those who have left, will carry on the work which we have begun, and make the name "Trotty Veck" loved and honored by every High School girl.



THE SUNSHINE CLUB

By this time, probably everyone knows that the Sunshine Club members are John Dame, Dick Crouch and Bob Shreve, three very well known people in Titusville High. And, put together, they made a combination hard to beat in any manner.

Early in the winter they became tired of the poor attempts at class parties that were being given, so they gave the first Sunshine Party which was a grand success. They then gave a series of parties, dances and other entertainments, all of which were successful. The Easter Hop was the largest affair given by them and was certainly something different, the decorations, music, favors, and everything being of the best.

The three Sunshiners have surely done what they started out to do—cut down the cost of our parties, furnish a variety of entertainments, create the "sunshine" that their name implies, and make our old fashioned parties look sick. We certainly owe them our thanks for the good times they have given us and the more than success that they proved to be.

HI-Y CLUB

The first meeting and supper of the Hi-Y Club was called on Wednesday, November 31, 1921, bringing out at the start, an attendance of forty-five boys. The following Wednesday, the second gathering was held, with the election of officers occupying the main part of the meeting. The result was that Alvin Wagstaff was elected President, John Dame, Vice President, Clarence Johnson, Secretary and Glenn Reed, Treasurer.

During the school year seven of these supper-meetings were held, averaging about forty-five members present. At the close of each supper, a short program was carried out with several speakers taking part.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Miller, the club officers, and the ladies and girls who served the suppers, all deserve a hearty vote of thanks for the parts they played in making the club a success. It is to be hoped that the Hi-Y will be reorganized again next year.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

The fire team was organized along in the mid-year. From that time on until the close of school we had a few good fire drills. The firemen worked fast while the pupils did their best in aiding to clear the building quickly. The entire school was usually emptied in between two and three minutes from the sound of alarm.

The alarm this year was two short rings for the firemen to get to their stations, while one long ring told the remainder of the student body to leave the building.

The team for this year was:

Chief, Arthur Brady.

Assistant, Maurice Moffit.

Stair Corporals: Harold Linden, Philip Stewart, David Hasbrouck, Durand Francis, Alvin Wagstaff, Fred Wagner, William Renfrew, Millard Boyles, Joe Thompson and Lowell Schiewe.

Hose Corporals: Max Oberman, Raymond Mulvey, Glenn Reed, Robert Miller, Charles Fritts, Alfred Johnston, John Wright, Louis Resnikoff, Clarence Johnson, John Dame, Clifford Ritts and Dick Crouch.

Door Corporals: Isaac Oberman, Jack Johnstone, Lloyd Preston.

LITERARY

FINDING OUT AUNT HESTER

First Prize.

The twins were upset to say the least. Louise, the first to recover, answered her father with her usual dignity.

"Father, dear," she began hesitatingly. "Of course, we both understand how things are."

"Of **course!** emphasized Harriet.

"Of course," agreed their father.

"At the same time," she went on, "we feel that, in spite of the rest being necessary for Mother, we might have been consulted and allowed to choose a chaperon for ourselves. Aunt Hester is hardly what we would call—congenial."

"And I say, Dad," broke in Harriet again, "what about the houseparty? Does she have to chaperon that? If she does, we'd just better give it up—that's all there is to it." She thrust her hands into the pockets of her sweater, and, blinking hard with disappointment, pretended to look out of the window.

"Come now," Mr. Fields encouraged sympathetically, "it isn't as bad as that, you know. She may be an odd little Quaker lady, but she's kind; and, speaking frankly, girls, she's the only available member of the family whom your mother felt satisfied to leave in charge of the place and who is wliling to undertake the responsibility. As to the house party, if you feel by the first of August that you'd rather not have it with Aunt Hester here, you may postpone it, and we'll have it in September, when your mother and I return."

Harriet turned impulsively from the window and threw an arm around her father's neck. "Dad," she said, "You are a dear, and we don't mean to be horried—do we, Louise? But she's such a dried up little—no, no, no!" putting her hand over her father's mouth, "I won't be disrespectful; I'll take it all back. Truly we'll be good, and if we find that our virtue simply can't stand it, why, we'll do as you say, and put off the old house party until September. Gracious, Louise, don't jump like that! What's the matter?"

Louise, with great concern, was grazing down the driveway. "Daddy!" she exclaimed, "who's coming up here in the hack? Can it be Aunt Hester? I thought she wasn't coming until afternoon."

The shaggy horse that pulled the one "station hack" came to a halt in front of the house, and a little figure in grey proceeded to alight. Mr. Fields was on the veranda before she had reached the steps, and the twins, exchanging glances, followed at his heels.

Aunt Hester turned to the departing driver, "Don't thee forget my trunk," she called, and composedly turned back to her nephew.

"Good morning, Tom. How do, girls. Thee still has the same red hair thee had at five, Harriet. My! Tom, thee's real fat! Ten years makes changes."

She was like a little chirping sparrow, but a very severe one. Her eyes were as sharp as her little straight nose, and her mouth as set and regular as her abundant grey hair. As Louise politely led the way upstairs, she wondered whether the second week in September, or, perhaps the third—.

Two weeks after their parent's departure, Harriet and Louise held a consultation down in the orchard. It was a quiet Sunday, even for "Homewood." In the morning they had driven with Aunt Hester to the village church, and had sat through the lengthy service, uneventful save during prayer, when Aunt Hester added several fervent and audible "Amens." After a silent dinner, she had retired to her room, where she sat by a shaded window, reading her Bible. The twins, in their favorite low-limbed apple tree, discussed the problem of Aunt Hester and the house party.

"She's a queer little duck," mused Harriet, "I can't quite make her out. What does she think of us, anyway? Is she interested and disappointed, or uninterested and bored? I must say, she's stiff—and," resentfully, "she's always flinging some remark at my hair! Well, at any rate, we've behaved ourselves, you know we have," she ended righteously.

Louise gazed reflectively into distance. "Ye-es, we've been pleasant and polite," she agreed, "if thta's what you mean. But you can't find people out that way. You know what I mean, Harry—you have to use more than manners if you're going to get beneath other people's manners, and we simply have to 'find out' Aunt Hester before we decide about the house party."

"Well, my dear sister," laughed Harriet, with exasperating flippancy, "if you have found an instrument long enough and sharp enough to get under Aunt Hester's manners, lead me to it!"

"Do try to be serious, Harry," begged her sister, "and to oblige me, please don't be slangy, particularly before Aunt Hester. It frightens her."

"Frightens her! Frightens Aunt Hester!" gasped Harriet.

"Yes, it does," declared Louise, seriously. "I really believe that back of her funny, abrupt manner she is afraid of us, and our pretty clothes, and our music, and our harum-scarum out-of-door fun. Poor little Quaker," she sighed, "underneath everything I think she's just a pious, timid old lady. If she ever had any sporting blood in her veins, it must have dried up long ago."

"That's just the trouble, Louise! Whatever she is 'underneath,' she isn't a sport, and you know well enough she'd have a thousand fits if we had a house-party in August. She'd be shocked, or afraid of something every minute. Our tramps, our rides, our picnics, our dances—everything would be spoiled. We'd better decide to put off the whole business. Dad said we could." And Harriet kicked viciously at the tree-trunk beneath her foot.

Louise, chin in hand, her thoughtful brown eyes on Harriet's blue ones, for two whole minutes considered the problem. Harriet moved impatiently. She knew well enough that the final decision would be in her sister's next remark; for in her heart of hearts—which was quite as warm as her temper and the color of her hair—she realized, despite her impulsive jumps at determined conclusions, Louise had only to lead the way and she would follow her adored twin, loyal to the end.

Louise dropped lazily from her comfortable branch and stretched herself. "Harry," she began smilingly, "we have one week before August. In spite of what Daddy said, we both know that he and mummy would rather have the house-party over before they came home. Mummy's not a bit strong, really. Now, for one week I'm going to rush Aunt Hester; we're going to find out what she's really like, and then—then w ecan decide about our house-party. Come on, Harry!" she ended gaily, "I'll beat you to the stable. I'm going to order the runabout and take Aunt Hester for a drive."

The next few days were full ones for Aunt Hester. She serenely accepted the invitations for walking, driving, and croquet that were showered upon her by her grandnieces. With an expression of great conscientiousness on her sharp little face, she would tie on her sober bonnet, draw on her black cotton gloves, don her rubbers, raise her umbrella, and dutifully start off, prepared alike for sun and rain. She played croquet with the look of a martyr. She drove and walked in reflective silence, broken only by an occasional short remark: "Can thee really drive, Harriet?" "Louise, thee is sunburned!" "I declare, Harriet, thy hair becomes redder and redder!" to which the girls would reply with waning enthusiasm, "Yes, indeed, Aunt Hester." To their excited description, she would listen calmly, and comment, "Thee don't say! Well, in my time—" and whether she set her lips in an expression of disapproval, or stopped short on an anecdote, the twins were never sure.

On Thursday, the two girls were still bravely hustling Aunt Hester. At the breakfast table, Louise suggested blackberries.

"There are heaps of them over on Snake Hill," put in Harriet, "and it's only a mile and a half by the road. What do you say, Aunt Hestor? Are you game?"

A tiny flush mounted to Aunt Hester's cheek. "Game?" she inquired briefly.

Harriet laugher. "Slang," she explained.

"She wonders if you feel equal to it," interposed Louise. "Would you care to go?"

"I'll go if thee likes. Any snakes?"

"We never saw any," answered Harriet. "Are you afraid of them?"

"I dislike them. Any fences?"

"Not if we go by the road. Why?"

"They are difficult," explained Aunt Hester, rising from the table. When do we start?"

"Well," hesitated Louise, "let's start at ten; that will give us plenty of time before lunch."

"As thee likes," and Aunt Hester vanished into the hall.

"Enthusiastic, isn't she?" sighed Harriet. "Oh, I say, Louise, wouldn't it be screamingly funny if we did find a snake—or something scarry?"

The trio started on their walk promptly at ten, Aunt Hester in her usual garb and carrying her large umbrella. The two girls were bareheaded and each swung a tin bucket for the "heaps of blackberries" that Harriet had predicted. It was a beautiful morning, and even Aunt Hester appeared interested and cheerful. Her eyes seemed brighter, and her cheeks pinker, as they neared the berrypatch.

"Will you sit down under this tree, Aunt Hester, while we get the berries?" asked Louise, when they had reached the summit of Snake Hill. "I'll put my sweater on this flat stone, and make it comfortable for you. We'll be in plain sight from here."

Harriet glanced around at the question and wondered if her eyes were deceiving her, or if Aunt Hester really looked disappointed. With a sudden impulse, she turned and held out her tin bucket. "Sit down! Of course she doesn't want to sit down," she cried. "She wants to help us pick blackberries—don't you?" And she smiled coaxingly into her aunt's face.

Aunt Hester actually smiled back. "Why, yes, if thee likes," she answered, and taking the pail from Harriet's outstretched hand, she started toward the bushes.

They had been picking for some time, when an exclamation from Louise caused both Harriet and Aunt Hester to look up. Louise was gazing ruefully at the ground, where her bucket was lying upturned and her berries scattered in every direction.

"I was reaching for the berries on that beautiful bush beyond that rock," she explained, "and my foot slipped, and down I went. Just look!—I've lost half of them." As she stepped back to view the disaster, an expression of pain crossed her face. "Ouch! I must have twisted my ankle."

"Thee poor child!" cried Aunt Hester, running forward. "Is thee badly hurt?"

Louise tried another step.

"Not really sprained, I think, but it's twisted, all right." She smiled uncertainly.

Aunt Hester led her over to the flat stone, pushed her down on it ,and began deftly to take off her shoe and stocking, while Harriet hovered near with an expression of sympathy and dismay.

"It isn't swollen much as yet," commented Aunt Hester as she examined the hurt ankle, "but we'd better hurry home before it gets worse. Or, I'll leave thee here with Harriet, and send the carriage back for thee."

"Nonsense!" laughed Louise, "I'm not as lame as that. I can easily walk. We can take the shortcut through the fields, and I can lean on Harriet's arm." She put back her shoe as she spoke, and turned to Harriet, who had started to collect the scattered berries.

"I really think that would be better, Aunt Hester," agreed Harriet, "if you don't mind."

"Well, if Louise is sure." Aunt Hester gathered up her umbrella and doubtfully followed Louise to the fence.

"You see," pointed out the latter, "this is a shortcut. We have only three pastures to cross."

Aunt Hester, with her head on one side, like an inquisitive little bird, peered over the fence, and caught sight of the house, nestled among it's grove of trees, three pastures beyond the blackberry patch. "Any cows?" she queried.

"No indeed," said Harriet, with reassurance. "The cows are all in the far pastures, back of the stables—and very mild cows at that." She laughed, jumped down from the top rail of the fence, and helped the other two to scramble through the bars.

They walked slowly, Louise limping, and leaning on Harriet's arm, and Aunt Hester carrying her pail of blackberries and the umbrella raised fro protection against the sun. As they neared their second fence, the little old lady stopped short, and gazed earnestly at a clump of trees in the next field. "Does thee see something move there, Harriet? Thee is sure there are no cows?" She looked suspiciously at the trees. Harriet looked up impatiently. "Of course I'm sure! We never have cows in this field. That's just the wind moving the branches. Come on, Louise, I'll help you through. Does it hurt much?" And under her breath she giggled, "Poor soul, she's afraid of cows!"

Aunt Hester closed her umbrella, crawled through the fence, opened the umbrella again, and started across the field with her back to the offending trees. They were half way to the next pasture before she turned her head with a nervous backward look. Her face suddenly went several shades whiter. She slightly quickened her step, and spoke cooly to the girls. "Be steady, both of you! she warned, "and walk in a straight line for the fence. There is a bull back there. He is watching us, and I think he is moving toward us."

Louise turned whiter than her aunt—she was limping painfully by this time—but Harriet, with a gasp, hurried forward and looked back. Whether her sudden movement started the bull, or, whether he had already started toward them, she could never be sure; but, as her horrified eyes fell on the huge creature at the far end of the field, he lowered his head and broke into a slow run.

With a low cry of terror, Harriet grasped her sister's arm and ran, dragging Louise toward the fence that seemed so far ahead of them. "Aunt Hester," she screamed, "Run! Run as fast as you can!"

Even as she called out she realized how impossible it would be to reach the fence before the bull would be upon them. Fleet as she was she could not hope to outrun the now enraged snorting animal that was nearing so swiftly. She could hear hoofs beating the turf behind her, and her head swam dizzily. Louise, panting, was running bravely, but more and more slowly, at her side.

The terrible hoofbeats came nearer and nearer. Suddenly they stopped. Harriet gave another panic-stricken look in the direction of the bull, and her heart rose to her throat as though it would suffocate her. Aunt Hester! She would be killed! Why, or why, couldn't she have stayed with them instead of running in an entirely different direction! Now they would be saved and Aunt Hester tossed and trampled to death.

It was unbelievable, but the old lady had actually stopped running and was wildly waving her open umbrella with one hand, while with the other she seemed to be fumbling with her skirt. The bull, with lashing tail, and lowered head, had paused, undecided. But not for long. He started again, this time, straight for the open umbrella.

"Run!" shouted Aunt Hester, commandingly. "Run for the fence!" And she threw the umbrella straight at the bull's head.

The girls needed no second urging. With redoubled speed, they fairly flew toward safety, but not until they had a glimpse of Aunt Hester's final stratagem.

The infuriated beast, turned aside for a moment by the umbrella, renewed his pursuit of Aunt Hester, who had apparently picked up a bright red ribbon from the ground and was waving it behind her as she ran for the lower end of the field.

When he was almost upon her, they saw her dart suddenly aside, and fling the brilliant crimson thing directly over his lowered horns.

They saw no more until they toppled over the fence, and fell like limp rags into the next pasture. Harriet steadied herself by catching hold of a post and drew herself up on trembling knees, afraid of the sight that might meet her eyes. Louise had fainted; that was the first thing she noticed. Then she saw, twenty feet away, a litle figure in black climb nimbly to the top rail, and drop in a heap on the safe side.

In her excitement she shook Louise into sensibility. "Look!" she shouted. "Look at the bull—and Aunt Hester."

"Where?" asked Louise, weakly. "Where?" She sobbed and covered her face with her hands.

"There, you silly!" And Harriet stumbled along in the direction of Aunt Hester, while she pointed to the field they had just left.

Louise crawled painfully to her feet and looked. In the middle of the field, the snorting bull was running in circles, madly trying to rid his horns and eyes of a flaring object that appeared to be a torn red silk petticoat. On the near side of the fence was Aunt Hester, sitting bolt upright and jerkily tightening her bonnet strings as she retied them into a stiff little bow.

"Oh!" breathed Louise, clinging to the fance rail and moving toward her. "Oh you darling, you—you wonder!" she whispered, as the slow tears crept down her cheeks.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Why, Aunt Hester!" exclaimed Harriet that afternoon as she paused in the doorway. "What a pretty blue dressing-gown."

In spite of her aunt's protests, Harriet had calmly put her to bed, and insisted upon waiting on her with such energy that the little lady lay quite still, smiling in a daze at Louise, who, with her foot bandaged, sat at her bedside, and held tight hold of her hand.

Aunt Hester looked up at Harriet's exclamation, and blushed scarlet. "I dare say it's wrong," she apologized, "for any one to love bright colors—at my age. But—I just wear them where no one sees. Thee saw the red petticoat," she added, overcome with shame, "so thee might as well see the blue dressing gown. I do love pretty colors," she ended wistfully, and with sudden shyness, "that's why I always loved thy hair, Harriet."

"Loved my hair! Oh, Aunt Hester! Was that why you were always talking about it?"

Harriet held up an accusing finger. "Aunt Hester, look at me! Was it because you didn't want us to see the red silk petticoat that you were afraid of fences this morning?"

Aunt Hester nodded again, guilty this time.

"Aunty, dear," Louise leaned over her with eyes that were suspiciously bright. "Would you mind if we had a house-party while you're here? You're the best chaperon I know of."

For once Aunt Hester became enthusiastic. "Mind! Mind a house-party? I'd love it!"

Harriet gave a deep sigh of content. "It may be a dreadful pun, but do you know what I think? I think this is just 'bully' as daddy sometimes says."

And that night when she slipped into her sister's room for a goodnight kiss, she said: "Louise, we were puzzling our brains out about what Aunt Hseter was underneath. We didn't know, did we, that it was a red silk petticoat, and as daddy would say, 'A dead game sport!'"

KATHRYN CURRY.

THE MONEY THAT SAVED THE DAY

Second Prize.

'Twas certainly tsrange when slow-going Elias Gee married Irish Kitty, but nevertheless it was a fact.

Also on this partciular morning with which we are concerned Elias should have known better than to approach Kitty who was on the verge of one of her "tantrums," clearly indicated by the fact that her hair hung on the back of her neck, that her apron was all awry, and that, ordinarily light-footed, she now walked heavily as if trying to find a short route to the cellar.

Elias knew all this, but the matter at hand was too important to be put off longer so he approached her and with his most honeyed tones said, "Say, Kitty, I'd certainly like to have you listen here. It's a letter from my daddy's sister, old Aunt Rachel."

"Huh!" exclaimed Kitty viciously.

"I was her favorite of all the boys," resumed Elias.

"She had a mighty small amount of since, thin."

"She's been powerful good to me and I'd be proud to give her a home, now she is old and feeble. We's got the money."

"Yes, and I thought it was to go to pay for the farm, not for kaping of an ould Ladies' Home. Och, 'tis the likes of you to be countin' yerself rich, case ye think ye'll be ownin' this scrub farm?" And Kitty turned her back with a fling which caused her hair to be completely loosened and tumble down her back. "Sakes it's the big fool I'd be workin' me life out for an idjit ould woman like I've been doing for an idjit ould man. Clear out!"

She flourished her broom at him and he stepped out and proceeded to the barn, where he sat down disconslately on the milking stool to think.. Where would he put Aunt Rachel when she came? For she wrote that she would come that day or the next. Kitty's temper would not last long, but meanwhile where could Aunt Rachel sleep? Not at the neighbors surely. How they would talk! No, he couldn't disclose Kitty's fault outside of the family. Maybe it would turn out all right, but it was now nearing train time.

He began hitching the horses back of the barn and taking occasional glimpses at the house through the open barn doors. He was rewarded by seeing his boots come flying out, followed by the family cat. He shook his head ruefully and made a safe getaway through the pasture to go to the station.

When he arrived there, he scanned the faces of the few descending passengers anxiously and was somewhat relieved not to

find his aunt one of them. But the next instant the baggage car door was thrown open, revealing Aunt Rachel sitting contentedly in an old-fashioned rocking chair.

She was a little woman, having a round face with many wrinkles, which were cheerful ones, as her face was constantly wreathed with smiles and her eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Did you make her ride in the baggage car?" sternly demanded Elias of the brakeman.

"Indeed we didn't. She would have it no other way, but that she should ride in her chair. We've been good to you, haven't we, Aunty?"

"Jes as good as pie," trilled the little old lady. "Now lift my chair out."

This was readily done and as he placed the chair in the wagon, Elias said, "I'm fairly prosperous, Aunty, and I look forward to many years of paying you back what you have done for me."

His heart was in this bit of sentiment, but he would not say it in the heartiest tone, so perplexed was he over his piteous predicament.

"Looks like you're aiming for me to ride 'long side of you, 'Lias, but I'd rather sit in back in my chair."

Elias readily agreed as he wanted time to think. At the barn he lifted her and the chair and placed them inside the doorway.

What should he do now? That question repeated itself over and over again in his mind as he slowly unhitched his horses. Well, first he would try his test on Kitty. He walked stealthily to the house and up to a window, through which he threw his hat. It came back promptly, alighting far off in the wheat field.

He sighed and returned despondently to the barn.

"Land sakes, 'Lias, you look like your conscience was prickin' you. What's the matter?" queried Aunt Rachel.

"I try to live square," he answered, and then told her his troubles.

"So you married an Irish lady," exclaimed Aunt Rachel. "Well, 'Lias, it won't matter a hundred years from now."

"I know it, but Kitty isn't so bad. She's real good-natured except when she has a tantrum, and they don't last longer than twenty-four hours. She's savin', oo, but what's troublin' me now is where you are going to sleep."

"Oh, don't mind about me. I'm not sick-like as some other old people air. I can sleep right here in my chair. I have a snack here, too. 'Tisn't much, but it sure was providential that I put it up. Here's some coffee, too. I thought there might be some place to bile it on the train, but there wasn't, so here it is." And she held up a cup filled with ground coffee, triumphantly.

Elias silently acquiesced and stole away to the kitchen where he noiselessly procured a kettle. This he filled at the spring and placed on a small fire back of the barn.

After they had eaten he made a bed of fragrant hay, covered with a blanket. But the little lady would not occupy it unless he sat in the chair. This he did, and Aunt Rachel lay cosily down to sleep not to be awakened until the morning was well advanced, then by hearing a soft voice saying:

"My temper is all played out now and I'm kaping' a hot breakfast fare ye."

The speaker was a winsome lass with black hair, rosy cheeks, ruby lips, and large blue eyes which were now beaming a welcome to Aunt Rachel.

She helped her to her feet and after brushing the straw from her dress, led her to the house rather shamefacedly, preceded by Elias with the chair.

"Nothin's so cheerful as to have gray locks at the window," she declared gayly as she placed the chair by the sunniest window, "and you're welcome to the place and our home and sorry I am that I made ye slape in the barn."

Aunt Rachel laughed contentedly as she settled herself in her chari. " 'Lias," she whispered, "I didn't come to you, though I pined powerful to see, till I had money to pay my board and keep." Kitty blushed and looked at the floor. "I had a windfall, this here chair. I heired it from Ma. 'Twas covered with a pretty coverin', damask, they called it, but it got all worn out so I put on this coverin'. And what do you 'spose I found? Bring the screw driver and loosen the covering here. Now put your hand in."

He did so and pulled out a package wrapped with oil cloth.

"That's jes as I found it," cried the little old lady, and then, undoing the package, she held up a roll of bills with childish glee. "Jes think of all that money lyin' there these years when I've been in want. Pa must have put it there during the Civil War and said nothin' about it. I sure won't need to live offen anybody now. None of those bills are less than a hundred dollars, 'cepting a few I put in of my own savin'."

Elias turned over the bills and his eyes sought Kitty's. Her blue eyes flashed him a warning and then she took the wrinkled old face between her fresh young fingers and congratulated her.

"Shure you're the luckiest ould gurl in all this world. You've enough to be livin' a thousand years and here's hopin' you do live long to enjoy it. But you needn't go boardin' with us till you get tired of visitin'. Meanwhile we'll leave it where it is till we need it."

It was Confederate except for the few bills the little lady had contributed of her own saving.

"I aimed to give it to 'Lias now," said Aunt Rachel wistfully.

"You will not, thin, with him hidin' three thousand dollars in the clock for the payin' for the farm."

Thus Aunt Rachel was established in her new home and she brought out her knitting and rocked the hours away while Kitty worked as gayly and happily as the birds in the orchard nearby.

One day when Mr. Gee had gone to down, a sleek-looking, well-groomed man on horseback rode up to the door.

"Is this where Mr. Gee lives?" he shouted.

Kitty went toward him and with a gallantry that delighted her, he said, "Madam, your neighbor, Mrs. Siggens, is in great trouble. One of her little girls is badly burned and she would like you to come and help her."

"Shure and that I will," cried Kitty as she seized two bottles from the table. "'Tis a lucky thing that this olive oil and lime water is handy. You won't be afraid to stay here alone, darlin'?" she asked Aunt Rachel.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the little old lady, "I never saw anything I was afraid of yet."

After she had been alone for but a few minutes, the stranger came galloping up again and, dismountnig from his horse, came determindedly up the walk.

"I bet you forgot something," said the little woman archly.

"Yes, ma'am, I did," he answered. "Now, don't be frightened. I won't hurt a hair of your head. I came on important business, in other words, to get that money Mr. Gee just received."

"Well, my sakes, it look like you're a sure enough robber."

"You hit it that time, grandma. That's my profession. I usually get what I want and I can turn this house upside down before you can knit around that stocking, so if you want to save yourself some fright—"

"Land sakes! don't mind me," she said with a chuckle. "I'll just sit and look on for I never saw a robber a robberin'."

"I guess you are a little 'non omnisibi,'" he said, tapping his head meaningly.

"No, I'm not 'non omnisibi'. But if you're going to do some robberin' you'd better hurry up while it's still light!"

He looked into the kitchen and the next room. "There are four rooms and I'll begin here," he said. "If you don't sit still I'll tie you to the chair. But do you know where that money is?"

"Kitty told me, but I won't tell."

"Allright, I'll find it anyway!"

He went over to the chest of drawers in the corner and tossed up the contents and then went on to the cupboard.

"La me, aren't you going to fix up those drawers for Kitty?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"That's not my affair," he said. "When I get through with this I'll rummage the desk and smash the clock too."

Hearing the sound of smashing dishes, she exclaimed, "Why, I didn't know you were going to be so destructive!"

"When I finish here I'm going into the bedroom and rip up the beds. So you would save some trouble if you'd tell me where it is."

She looked at him speculatively. "You're mean, meaner than pizen," she cried rising from her chair, "but if you'll reach your hand under that cover, you'll probably find what you want."

He was down in a flash and soon found the desired object. He took the wrapper off and chuckled with satisfactiton. "Thanks, grandma, I'm a thousand times obliged," he said as he hold out his hand.

'I won't shake hands with you," she declared, resuming her seat, "You're mean." He was out to the gate and gone while she was still speaking.

"'Twas nothing but a joke, the idiit," Kitty announced ten minutes later in high good humor for she dearly loved a practical joke. "The Siggenses were as spry as cricketts. We'll have supper now, 'Lias will soon be in. And you've been here all alone!"

"No, I wasn't alone," chuckled Aunt Rachel and she proceeded to tell her story, punctuated by the surprised exclamations of Kitty.

She went to bed early that night and had her chair placed beside her bed where she could touch it with her hand. "'Tis for old time's sake," she explained.

"Just think, if it hadn't been for her," said Kitty to 'Lias afterwards, "we wouldn't have had our farm. She's slyer than a fox. But that money was iust as good as gold to her and how'll we make it up to her? But Aunt Rachel recovered her confederate money. A stolen horse was found at the station and all the bills strewn on the ground except those which Aunt Rachel had placed there.

"Shure and 'twas the guilty conscience he was having," explained Kitty to the delighted little lady. "He saved your bills for carfare and left the rest. And it's the guilty conscience I'm having too!" she thought, "making this angel slape in the barn."

She repented so truly that she never had another "tantrum." If an outbreak threatened Elias would say mildly. "It doesn't matter. We won't quarrel over it."

"Quarrelin' is it? I guess not!" she would answer. Or Aunt Rachel would say. "Look out! Your hair is fallin' down."

"Fallin' is it? I guess not. We won't allow it." And she would insert another hair pin and make sure her apron was straight. To this day the Confederate notes are still safe in the chair until Aunt Rachel begins "boardin'." While the chair is always at her bedside at night where she may lay her hands when awake.

MARY E. PARKER, '21.

THE DAYS

Third Prize.

If an observing person had chanced to pass by the "Girl's Boarding School" at R———, Maryland, on a particular June morning, they would have noticed an unusual stir over the grounds. If they had been interested enough to have taken the pains to inquire concerning this commotion, they would have been informed that it was the second day of their exam week. Also, that nearly everyone who had an exam that day beginning at ten a. m. was trying to find a quiet spot where they might freshen up their minds on a few negleected points. It was just this thing that Lucinda Meade was trying to do. Only she had sought the privacy of her room and had concealed herself in an obscure corner.

It wasn't long until the bell rang summoning all to their first exam that morning. Lucinda's exam happened to be English. She had worked long and hard for four long years and now being a Senior, she dared hope for some honor. She thought it would be English honor, if any, as the popular daughter of the honored and wealthy Mr. R. D. Miller always seemed to receive better marks in everything except English than Lucinda.

Gathering up her books, she stacked them in a neat pile on the stand; then shaking the wrinkles out of her old blue serge dress, she made her way to the Study Hall in the Grammar building which served as the exam room. On her way there she met her room-mate, June Day, a jolly, carefree girl who could find fun in anything and who always had a pleasant smile for all. June stopped and said that she had seen by the bulletin board that lunch was not served until one o'clock on account of the exams. She told Lucinda to be sure and wait for her and they would go to lunch together. Lucinda never could understand why June had always been so nice to her, for she could never accept her invitations to matinees and parties on account of her shabby clothes and little money. Also, she could never understand why June had stayed on as her room-mate. Of course she had roomed with her at first because there were no other vacant rooms. Later some of the girls left and June might have had a richer, better dressed, and more popular classmate than Lucinda.

Just then Lucinda reached the exam room. After taking the seat that was assigned her, she was soon lost in the theory of narration and other English terms. She thought the exam was quite easy as it consisted mostly in a long story which was to illustrate most of the points in the last half of their English. When Lucinda left the exam room, she saw Rae Miller surrounded by a group of her rich friends, who were commenting on their morning exams. As she was passing them, she heard one girl, whom she recognized as Rose Wood, a very spoiled girl and a poor student, saying:

"Why of course you will be the Valedictorian, Rae, everybody knows that."

"I don't know about that," replied Rae, "Dowdy Meade," a name the followers of Rae Miller were accustomed to call Lucinda, "is not very far behind me."

"Pooh!" answered another one of the girls, "The faculty would know better than to give her an honor. Dowdy would stub her toe and fall down trying to get to the front of the st—"

At that Lucinda's face turned scarlet, nad clasping her hands over her ears, she hurried as fast as she could to her room. On Friday, three days after the English exam, Miss Hans, the Principal, announced in chapel that she would like to see Lucinda Meade in her office immediately after chapel. As she was passing out she noticed that Rae's face was a deathly white, but thinking it was the result of too little complexion powder, she dismissed her from her mind.

As she passed into Miss Hans' office, she had a queer feeling that something was wrong; but, knowing that she had not violated any school law, she dismissed that suspicion for the more pleasant thought that Miss Hans might have more mending for her to do. As she walked over to Miss Hans' desk, she noticed that she was bending over a paper with a very serious expression on her face. Finally she managed to ask, timidly:

"Did you wish to see me, Miss Hans?"

At the sound of her voice Miss Hans instantly looked up, and glancing with those sharp grey eyes of her, she seemed to take in everything on Lucinda from her shoes up until her eyes reached her face. Then in a tone of voice that all the girls knew meant business, she said:

"I am very disappointed in you, Lucinda, as I did not think you would ever be guilty of resorting to dishonest means of obtaining a high mark."

At that Lucinda's face paled, but she managed to stammer:

"Why, I don't think I understand you, Miss Hans."

At that Miss Hans demanded in a stern voice:

"Lucinda Meade, you don't mean to tell me that you do not know that you copied someone else's story on your English exam, do you?"

"Why! Miss Hans, you must be ,in fact you are, mistaken because I composed every bit of my story myself!"

"Well, seeing you are so sure of yourself I see I shall have to prove it to you. Two English exams papers were handed in, each having a story just like the other. Of course we made a little investigation before we accused anybody; and, as the other person is a very good scholar and would have no need for anybody's story, we could draw no other conclusion only that you had been dishonest. Of course you understand that this means that you

have failed in English and cannot graduate this year; and, if you take more than four years, you can not receive any honor.

"But, Miss Hans, I must graduate this year. If you will not believe me that I did not copy that story, then I shall prove it to you someway. Also, if I am to find out how the other person obtained my story, would you mind telling me who that person is?"

"If you use dishonest means in one thing, you will not resist from using it in another. Therefore, I shall not tell you who the other person is; but, if you are clever enough to find that out and obtain reasonable proofs about the story, I am willing to listen to listen to them, and will do all I can to find the guilt one."

Lucinda never knew how she ever made her way out of the office as she was too stunned ot think. Finally she reached her room and sinking into a chair tried to collect her thoughts enough to decide what plan was best to find the guilty person, as she knew that her whole career depended on that. Just then June came in. At the sight of Lucinda's pale and worried face, she instantly demanded what the trouble was.

"Well," said Lucnida, "I don't know as I ought to tell any one, but you have been so kind to me that I guess I can trust you. If you will promise to keep it a secret."

"Mercy!" is it so serious as all that?" laughed June, "but I won't tell anybody if you don't wish it, so come, let's hear the worst."

So Lucinda told her what Miss Hans said.

"Well did you ever?" said the astonished June, "and that was all the proof she had agains tyou. Still that is just like Miss Hans. Once she gets her mind made up to something it is nearly impossible to change it. But tell me, how in the world could anybody get your story up there in the study hall; why you don't sit near anybody? Did you write it right off on your exam paper?"

"No," replied Lucinda, "I wrote it first on tablet paper and then copied it afterwards."

"Then," thoughtfully said June, "It stands to reason that somebody got those tablet papers. Were they on your desk when you weren't there anytime?"

"Why—yes! When I come to think about it, they were. When I handed my exam papers in I left them laying on my desk. I know what we can do," cried Lucinda. "When I had finished I rolled all my scrap papers together and put them in the waste basket. I did not notice whether the story was among them or not. So we can go and see if they are still there in the basket."

"Just the thing," excitedly answered June, "because that was the only way she could get them, when you were not at your desk."

"I know," replied Lucinda, "but how could a person walk over and get my paper without one of the teachers seeing her?"

"I don't know," answered June, "It surely is a puzzle, but come, let us search the basket. But the search proved a failure as

the contents had been emptied and burned. So, as Lucinda expressed it, they were no farther ahead than before.

The next thing, decided the girls, was to find out who the other person was who had the same story as Lucinda. As neither June nor Lucinda had the least idea who it could be, they could think of no plan to find the guilty one.

It was Tuesday of the next week, yet nothing had turned up to give them any clue of the two stories. There were only two more days left for them to find the person who wronged Lucinda. Late that afternoon, as both girls were returning from a lecture to the Seniors on "How to Make the Most of Your Life," they saw Rae Miller step out of her room and look quickly up and down the hall. The two girls had to pass her to reach their room, but the minute she saw them, she turned and retreated into her room. Just as she turned, the sudden movement caused a crumpled piece of paper to fall from her pocket. June, spying the paper, picked it up and was about ready to open the door and hand it to Rae when she notice that it was written in Lucinda's writing. Wondering how anything of Lucinda's could find its way into Rae Miller's pocket, she was about to open and read it. Lucinda, who had walked ahead a little, wondering what was keeping June turned and was about up to her when she saw the paper. With a cry she made a grab for it and said:

"My story! My story! Where did it come from?"

Then June explained how it had fallen out of Rae's pocket, and demanded Lucinda to tell her where Rae sat in the study hall.

"I am not sure," hesitated Lucinda, "but I think it was two seats across from me."

"Well," replied June, "I think I see through it now and I am going to demand an explanation from Miss Rae herself."

Putting her words to action, she quickly made her way back to Rae's door with Lucinda close behind her. She did not stop to knock, but boldly walked in. No one was in the room but Rae. As soon as she saw the girls she began to cry and talk so fast that neither of them could make out what she was saying. But June's quick wit saw that this opportunity must not be lost. So in a very stern voice she ordered Rae to sit down and talk so that a person could understand her, saying:

"Of course we know that you were the one who copied Lucinda's story on your paper and then let the blame rest on Lucinda.

"Oh! June, I was going to explain it to Miss Hans," cried Rae.

"You seemed to be taking your time about it," sniffed June.

"I know," wailed Rae, "but I just couldn't resist the temptation to copy it, you see I never could write decent stories. I never wrote my own as I always could get other things easily and I would help the girls in them and in turn they would write my stories for me. And yours was such a fine one that I just had to copy it. Also,

I thought that as it was written on scraps that perhaps you had not handed that one in."

"It was clever the way you got that paper," said June, as she felt that she must answer as though she knew all about it.

"I thought that breeze that carried your paper over to my desk was a savior, but now I see that it was my destruction," wailed Rae.

"Of course you will have to explain this to Miss Hans, so we might as well go now and have it over with," said June.

When Rae heard this she began to plead with Lucinda to beg Miss Hans not to tell her father, as she said it would just kill him to think that she had been dishonest about her work.

After Miss Hans heard Lucinda's story about the crumpled paper and how they had gone in Rae's room making believe that they knew all about it, Miss Hans then asked Rae to tell her part of the story. Rae said that when Lucinda had gone up to the front of the room to hand in her paper that a little breeze had come through the windows and blew the scrap paper over to her desk. When she saw that nobody had noticed the paper, she decided to read it. After reading it, she could not resist from copying it. When she had handed her paper in she had forgotten to destroy the scrap paper which she had stuffed in her dress pocket and she had not worn that dress until the day when she saw the girls in the hall.

"Well," said Miss Hans, "I think that Miss Day and Miss Meade have managed you rather cleverly. I shall assign the same punishment to you as I would have given to Miss Meade, that is that you cannot graduate thsi year as the stories that you have copied and this exam will cause you to fail in English.

"What will father and my friends say?" wailed Rae.

"You should have thought of that before," replied Miss Hans, "and furthermore," continued Miss Hans, "I wish to thank Miss June Day for her help in this matter."

"Oh!" said June, "that isn't anymore than anybody would do for a sister is it?"

"A sister?" questioned Miss Hans, "I don't understand. Surely you and Miss Meade are not sisters?"

"Sisters!" cried Lucinda, "Why June what are you talking about?"

"Well," said June, "it is this way. I felt a strong attraction toward Lucinda the very first time I saw her. You all know that I entered here only for my Senior year. The reason for this was that we were forced to move on account of father's business, and mother wished me to be nearer her as she has never been well since my sister was separated from her."

"Now I know you are mistaken," said Lucinda, "as I have no father and mother. When I was seven years old we lived in Mo-

bile, but there was a great flood and my father and mother and little sister, who was a year younger than I, were drowned. My uncle and aunt whom I live with now, coudl not find any trace of them so we gave up the search and decided that they had been drowned and washed out to sea. Then I came north with them and have been working my way through school."

"The very same, the very same," cried June, "only we were not drowned as we had clung to the roof of a house which had come off and served as a raft, until the flood ebbed. Then we were picked up by a life boat. After that we went back to find you, but we could not even find so much as a hair of you. We then went to Charlestown and as I have said before, father's business required him to move north.

"But," asked Lucinda, "how did you know that I was your sister?"

"Well, as I have said before," said June, "I always felt a great bond of attraction for you. Also I remembered that my sister's name was Lucinda, and that she had a great scar on her right arm which she had acquired once when she fell on a sharp curb. So one night I looked, and sure enough there it was as plain as ever on your arm. I have not even told mother and father as I just found it out a little while ago and I wanted to make you a surprise to mother and father."

"Well I never," said Miss Hans with a gasp, "but how does it happen that your last names are different?"

"Oh," said Lucinda, "Day is really my name, but when I thought that all our family were lost but me, I couldn't bear to use the name because it reminded me so much of them. So I took my uncle's name."

The girls went to their rooms and cried and rejoiced over each other. The next morning in chapel, it was announced that Miss Lucinda Day was the Valedictorian of the class that year. All wondered who Lucinda Day could be, but when they found out that she was Lucinda Meade and June's sister, they welcomed her with outstretched arms.

I might add here that there was great rejoicing in the Day family when they found out that the lost sheep was returned.

DOROTHY PEIFFER.

SISSY---A WOULD BE HERO

Fourth Prize.

"Hello Sturtivant! Coming out for baseball practice this after?"

"I guess so."

"What did you get in Geometry the other day?"

"Eighty-seven."

"Great—I didn't get any kind of mark."

"You didn't! Come over to my room some night and I'll show you how to do that stuff."

"Thanks, I will. They won't let me on the team if I don't improve some. Doc Nelson has a pick on me anwway."

"He means all right."

"Maybe. Say have you seen the Sis today?"

"Yes. Saw him this morning. Why? Are you worried over him?"

"Say, if I didn't need this book for my next class, I'd throw it at you."

"That's a nice way for a gentleman to act."

"Go on—Well, see you at four, then."

"Yes, so long."

It might here be explained that the boys were attending Canfield Preparatory School. The "Sissy" to whom they referred was a tall and slender boy with delicate features as clear cut and fine as a girl's. He had a peculiar dog trot of a walk that made his legs appear longer than they were, while his arms hung loosely from the shoulders like those of a jointed doll. Add to that a pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and a voice that spoke precise English, and you can undrestand why a bunch of ordinary, "regular fellows" should dislike him on sight. But the fellows not only disliked him, but snubbed him. He had often heard the boys talking about him when they didn't know that he was around. Of course he had never meant to listen, but as he had no place to go in the evenings, after his studying was done, he went to bed, and so had the occasions to hear the boys who met in Stuffy Tucker's room above his, several times an evening drift on to talking about him.

"Why he doesn't even understand baseball," James Sturtivant announced one evening, "I think he's some kind of a nut—"

John interrupted with a snort of laughter, "Excuse my unseemly mirth," he gasped, "but I thought of something."

"Think outside, if that's the way it affects you," suggested James.

"As we were coming from the pond, Miller and Stuffy and a lot of us, including the Sis, the other day, we stopped to take a breath at the top of the hill. Of course our friend had to look around him, and the first thing he saw was Greenlaw and he wanted to know what the edifice was erected for."

"Only he had the "for" first, I'll bet," broke in James.

"Whose telling this?"

"That's all right, John. Keep still, James. Fire away. As you were saying—"

"So I told him it was a booby hatch. He looked at me as though he didn't know what in the world I was talking about. 'Booby hatch?' I saw he didn't get me, so I explained—where they keep bugs. Then he grinned all over his face, and what do you think he said? 'Oh! A biological museum.'"

James looked at his friend serachingly. "Did you make that up?"

"Absolutely not! Ask any of the fellows."

"It might be so," said Stuffy Milton lazily, "and yet he's a bright boy, quick to learn, and you've got to hand it to him, he can talk straight English. If he'd just be like the other fellows, he'd be pretty decent."

The poor sissy often pondered over what they meant by decent, but as yet he had not figured it out. He was naturally sensitive, and, though he knew the boys talked about him and laughed at him, he never let them see that he was hurt. He occasionally went on their afternoon hikes and on their trips to the athletic field to watch practice, but he never presumed to begin a conversation with any of them.

Toward the middle of April, after the school had settled down following the Easter vacation, a letter came for him which changed his whole outlook on the school. Perhaps his father had an idea that he would meet with just such treatment for his letter stiffened the boy's backbone and made him sit thoughtfully for a few minutes, staring into space. Suddenly he sat up and looked around him at the boys in the big library. Over in one corner was Stuffy Milton and his crowd. Probably fixing up a good time for tomorrow, he reflected. But, acting as though he had a set purpose, and fearing that he might change his mind if he didn't do something immediately, he arose and went toward them.

"Going on another hike tomorrow?" he asked dropping into a vacant chair.

Several looks of surprise and blank amazement greeted him.

"Why—we—we are thinking about it," Bob Newton, first to recover, answered.

"Going to take eats?"

"Why—er—yes, we're just try—trying to get up a committee to look after them."

"Put me down on it if I may, er, if you want me." He was beginning to feel a little weak, but he still had some courage left.

"Why we'll be glad to have you," said Stuffy, suddenly realizing that he had a voice.

"What time?"

"Six, since tomorrow's Saturday. We'll get back about half past two, in time for baseball practice at three."

"Yes, I want to be back in time for practice," the Sissy answered.

"What!" gasped several of the boys, no longer able to control their amazement.

But just then the bell rang for retiring and the boys poured out to their rooms. Long after the bell had rung for "lights out" the Sissy could hear footsteps and subdued whispering above him, but finally he fell asleep wondering how he had ever done what he had done and if it was just right.

Several days had elapsed. The hike had been a success even though he had caught himself several times going back to what he had been before. The boys had not yet ceased to talk about him. Indeed, they even talked more about him, but he gave this little thought now, as baseball practice took up all of his spare moments. One afternoon, having a few minutes before he was due on the field, he wandered toward it contemplating. When he reached it only the coach was on hand. Mr. Kingston was sitting on the bench along the first base stand in the afternoon sunlight, his hands thrust in the pockets of a disreputable brown sweater, and his gaze fixed in contemplative serenity on the toes of his scuffed shoes. Seen in this attitude, he was somewhat of a surprise to the Sissy, for never before had the latter seen the coach really quiet. Observing that, although bats and other paraphernalia lay ready, none of the pitchers were there, he was half determined to turn back or to wander on toward the road, but at that moment Mr. Kingston glanced up and saw him, so the Sissy kept on.

"Have to wait a while, Richards," said the coach, "Thompson was to be here, but he hasn't shown up yet. Guess he will be along soon though. Where do you live, Richards?"

"You mean here in town?"

"No—where is your home?"

"Butler, Pennsylvania."

"Like it here at Canfield?"

"Yes—all right."

"Where did you learn to play baseball, Richards."

"Right here. I didn't know much about it before I came here. Of course I played at it. We fellows at home had a nine, and we visited other towns and played other nines, but we didn't go in much for fancy doings. Just hitting the ball and tearing around the bases was about all we did, and the fellows that pitched didn't know anything about curves and drops and so on. They were pretty easy, and I got so's I could lambaste the ball pretty hard."

"Well, it's stood you in good stead, son. You certainly hit with a wallop now. I understand the fellows have dubbed you 'three-base Richards.'"

The Sissy grinned. "Yes, sir, some of the fellows call me that. It seems as though I can't hit anything but three-baggers when I do it."

"Which is pretty frequently," retorted the coach dryly. "I wonder if you've noticed, Richards, that I've never insisted on your learning to bunt? And I've let you keep your own style of batting. It isn't quite the style we aim at here, but I was afraid if I tried to teach you our way, you'd make a mess of it. And I didn't want to ruin a good free-hitter by trying to teach him to cramp his bat. There are others who can lay down a bunt, or crack out a nice little base hit, and so I've let you alone and you've developed just the way I wanted you to. You've got a fine eye for the ball and a mighty good wallop, and when you hit them, son, they travel! Don't you worry because they're always three-baggers."

"No, sir," agreed the Sissy gravely, "I suppose I might just as well keep on specializing, Mr. Kingston."

"Right! You keep on specializing in three-base hits, Richards, and you'll fill the bill," laughed the coach. "I'd like to have two or three more specialists on the team. How do you like playing center field?"

"Fine, sir. Sometimes it gets sort of lonesome out there, just standing around and not doing much, but I suppose when we play Blue Hall there'll be a lot more action. Of course," added the Sissy hurriedly, "I'm not expecting to play in that game, but whoever does will likely be kept busy."

"Maybe. Still, if our pitchers work the way they should, there won't be much hitting on Blue Hall's part, I guess. And I think you may count on playing center—part of it anyway. If you had the experience Beech has in that position, I'd promise it definitely. You've tried hard and you've learned a lot in a few weeks, and I appreciate it. I'll see that you get your chance. When you do get it, stand by me, Richards, and come through with the wallop!"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, gratefully and earnestly, "I'm aiming to do the best I can."

"Here comes Thompson and a couple of the fellows. Now we'll get to work. By the way, that Blue Hall pitcher has a slow ball that's hard to get and I'm going to get Thompson to imitate it the best he can so you fellows will know it when you see it. The game's only next Saturday."

Wednesday and Thursday the team put in a good deal of hard practice but on Fridya, save for an hour of easy fielding and batting, the team had an afternoon of rest. That night there was an enthusiastic mass meeting in the hall, and Canfield's hopes ran high as she cheered and sang and listened to speeches.

Blue Hall descended on the school the next day, more than two hundred strong, and had a lot to say about what was to happen, and said it more or less musically, as they paraded up from the station.

The game began at two, and the Sissy's secret hope of going in at center field was blighted when Manager Berkenride read off the batting list. Ted Beech was slated for the position and the Sissy joined the bench warmers, disappointed, but uncomplaining.

On the third-base stand one whole section was vivid with dark blue banners. Across the diamond the Canfield color showed more profusely, if less brilliantly, and Canfield cheers were incessant as the rival teams took their places. Francis at the bat, and the Light Blue in the field. Hal Thatcher threw a few wild ones to Tut Heeley. The umpire called "Play!" and the head of the visitor's batting list took his place and thumped the rubber determinedly with his bat. Then the cheering died away and the long-looked for game was on.

Hal Thatcher caused his friends a lot of uneasiness the first inning, for he appeared to be suffering from stage fright and had much difficulty in finding the plate. He passed the first man up and put himself promptly in a hole with the second. Fortunately, the latter, when he did hit, knocked out a high fly to short left that Wayne Sortwell captured easily. Again Thatcher pitched four and there were two on. Canfield cheered and shouted and stamped hopefully. In an effort to catch the runner on second napping, Thatcher wheeled and pegged hurriedly to Jackson, and the ball slammed into dust and trickled into the field. Before it was retireved, the runner had slid to third. A moment later the man on first took second without challenge. With but one gone and men on second and third, the outlook seemed far from rosy for the home team, but Thatcher setted down enough to strike out the fourth batsman, and then, when the next man hit a weak one to the in-field, to get the ball ahead of Royce and slam it to Keller, at the plate, in time for a put-out.

Thorogood, like Thatcher, began with a bad inning, but as in the other's case, escaped punishment. Jackson was hit in the ribs and took his base, hard hit safely for one, and Conway flied out to short-stop. Royce was passed, advancing the runners and filling the sacks; but Tom Hartley fanned, and Sortiwell was an easy third out, second to first. After that, the contest proceeded uneventfully to the fifth inning. Both Thacher and Thorogood had found their stride; hits were scarce, and runs entirely missing. In the fourth, Conway reached third, with two out, and died there when Royce fouled out to the catcher; and that was as near to a score as either team got in the first half of the game.

The fifth opened with Canfield's hard-hitting left fielder at bat, and that youth, a canny judge of balls, waited until Thatcher had to offer him something reasonable. And when he did, he laced it into far center for three bases. That punishment seemed to grieve the Blue Hall's pitcher so that he had no heart for his work in the succeeding five minutes, with the result that two more singles

were added to Canfield's column and two runs came across. A fine double play by Jackson and Lord stopped the visitors.

Blue Hall went out in one, two, three order in her half of the inning, but in the sixth, after holding the enemy, she brought delight and confidence to her adherers by scoring her first tally. This came as a result of a pass to Tut Heller, followed by a sacrifice fly to Thatcher that placed Tut on second. Jackson fanned, then Pop Lord found something he like and slammed it throug the pitcher's box, and Tut scored. Lord went out a moment later in an ill-advised attempt to steal second.

There was no scoring in the seventh inning by either side although Canfield got men on second and first before a batting rally was nipped by some fine pitching. That inning witnessed the replacement of Beech in center field by Sissy Richards, and the return to his position in the infield of McGee as a result of loose playing on the part of the hard-working but inexperienced Royce. Of the Canfield nine, just four men faced the pitcher in the seventh.

For Blue Hall, Conway began things with a bunt that placed him on first by a hair's breath. The umpire's decision brought loud criticism from the visitors, but, since he was ten feet from the base, and they at the other side of the diamnod, it is fair to assume that he was in a better position to judge the play. At all events, the decision brought Blue Hall her tying run. McGee's attempt to sacrfiice resulted in his retirement, the ball dropping softly and safely into the second baseman's hands.

Then it was the Sissy's turn, and as he took his place, a ripple of laughter arose in the Canfield stand. The Sissy's "form" at bat was, to say the least, peculiar. He stood well back from the plate, his long legs wide apart and his bat held so far back that it lay almost across his shoulder blades. He didn't swing his bat, nor, having once firmly established himself, did he move at all until he offered at a ball. He just watched the pitcher, and then the ball and waited. But. although the Dark Blue rooters experienced amusement, Canfield heralded the Sissy's appearance with joyful acclaim, while the outfielders at the command of the short stop wandered farther backward. Thorogood had heard of the Sissy, as had his catcher, and while the Light Blue rooters expressed dissatisfaction in numerous ways, the catcher stepped to the right and Thorogood thew out to him. There was no question of reaching any of those balls, and the Sissy had to stand there helpless until four of them had drifted past and the umpire motioned him to base. For the Sissy that was a heart-breaking and degrading experience, and he ambled to first with a drooping head, quite as though he were personally responsible for what had occurred.

It was left to Tom Hartley to deliver the hit that would bring Conway home and place the Sissy on second, and Tom delivered it nicely, in the shape of a screaming single, just out of short-stop's reach. But that ended the scoring in the inning, for Sortiwell struck out and Heller lifted a fly to right-field that retired the side.

There was no scoring in the eighth. For that matter, no one reached first base for either team. The rival pitchers were going strong again, and two strike outs fell to each.

The ninth started with the head of Canfield's batting list up. With one man out, a fly to short left eluded Sortiwell, and the runner, taking a desperate chance, went on to second and slid under McGee's arm just the the latter swooped around the ball. That, too, was a questionable decision, perhaps, in which case it evened up the former one. When the dust had settled, Thatcher tried hard to strike out the Dark Blue's captain, but with two strikes on him, and one ball, the youth caught a hook on the tip of his bat and arched it out to the infield just where no one lacking wings could possible get under it. Captain Lord and McGee both tried for it, and Conway came in from right at top speed, but the ball fell safely to earth, and the runner on second took third, and was only prevented from going home by quick action on Lord's part. As it was, he scuttled back to his base and was glad to reach it again. The Canfield captain went to second on the first delivery. With men on third and second and but one out, their chance to pull out safely looked very dim, but when, a few minutes later, the next batsman had hit weakly to short stop, and Jackson, after holding the runners, delivered the ball to Lord in the nick of time, the home team's stock advanced many points. And presently the suspense was over, for after knocking two fouls into the right field stand, the Canfield first baseman drove the ball straight at Lord's head, and pop, more than half in self defense, put up his hands, and, fortunately for Canfield, it hit there!

"A tie game," was the prediction of many in the stands as the teams changed places for the last half of the ninth inning. But on the Canfield bench that belief didn't hold.

"Go after them, fellows," said Captain Lord earnestly, "and let's take the game now. Don't let him fool you, boys. Make him pitch to you. You know what to do, Conway. Let's have it!"

"Conway up!" called Berkenside. "McGee on deck! Smash it, Dud!"

Yet, although Conway twice tried his hardest to lay down a bunt that would allow his fast legs to take him to first ahead of the throw, he failed; and with two strikes and two balls against him, the best he could do was a weak grounder that was easily fielded by the third baseman and pegged to first well ahead of the batsman. The Canfield cheers, which had dwindled away with the cheers' trust in Dud began again as McGee strode to the plate. But McGee repeated Conway's fizzle with the first pitched ball! Again third pegged unhurriedly to first for the out. Canfield yelled wildly and triumphantly. Many less uninterested spectators were already toward the gate, sensing an extra-inning contest that would drag interminably without a decision. But Canfield was cheering again now, undismayedly; even with a new note of fervor; not only cheering, but chanting, and the chant was this:

"Richards! Richards! Three-base Richards! Richards! Richards! Three-base Richards."

"If he can deliver one of those wallops of his," muttered Lord, hopefullq, to Coach Kingston, "and get to third, I'll bet Hartley can bring him the rest of the way!"

"He will, I guess, if the pitcher will give him a chance," was his reply. "If he knows his business, though, he will pass him, as he did before."

But with two out, the bases empty, and a tired arm at his side, Thorogood shook his head at the catcher's signal for a throw out. He wanted to end the inning. He didn't believe altogether in the Sissy's ability as a hard hitter, and felt fairly certain that, if he couldn't dispose of him on strikes, he could make him hit a fly to the out-field.

The Sissy, eyeing Thorogood anxiously, heaved a great sigh of relief as the first delivery, instead of passing wide of the plate, developed into a drop. In fact, he was so relieved that he didn't even offer at it, nor show surprise or resentment when the umpire called it a strike. Instead, he grinned slightly, with his eyes more than his mouth, took a firmed grip on the bat, spread his legs another inch, and waited. The cheers from the right field stand were continuous, designed, I fear, as much to discourage the pitcher as to encourage the Sissy.

Another delivery was passed, this time a palpable ball, wide of the plate. Then Thorogood tried another drop. It had worked before, so why not again? The Sissy watched the wind-up, watched the ball start from the pitcher's hand, watched it speed toward him like a grey-white streak, watched it, no he didn't watch it after that, for he had dropped his bat and was racing to first.

About him arose a thunder of shrill peans of joy that, as he swung around first, dwindled to something approaching silence. But in another instant the shouting grew again, for far out on the green expanse of sunlit turf, center fielder and right fielder had turned and were running back as fast as their legs would carry them. And around the bases went the Sissy, past second and on to third, and would have stopped there in conformity to long custom, had not Jackson waved and shouted him onward.

"Go on, Richards!" roared Andy, "Go on, you idiot! It's a home run!"

Some three and a half hours later Pop Lord arose at his place beside the banquet board, and held a glass aloft. They had eaten and sung and cheered and eaten more, those twenty happy banqueters; and, now, replete and comfortably weary, they had demanded a speech from the retiring captain.

"Fellows," responded Pop, "and Coach Kingston, I'm a heap too tired to make a speech. I would if I could, but you'll have to excuse me, I guess. All I've got to say, is this: I'm mighty happy. And I'm mighty grateful to you fellows, each and every one of you for the way you've worked with me to make this evening one of the jolliest of my short life. And to our coach for the way he's toiled with us and kept his temper many times when he might have let go with no blame on him. And—and to one other. So here's to three-base Richards." He stopped short in his burst of oratory and shook his head—

"Hold on! That won't do. To Home-run Richards! Let's hear it!"

And he did hear it, and so did the Sissy who, although shorn of title, looked strangely happy and contented.

Later in the evening, Fate found him in his room with a bunch of the boys.

"Father was right, after all," he was saying.

"Why—what do you mean?" they asked.

"You remember that evening I came home and asked you if you were going on a hike the next day? Well, I had the blues that evening. It seem that football heroes were the only ones that any one liked, and I just decided I wasn't going to try and be friendly with onyone. Then I got this letter, and I decided to try once more."

He rummaged around in his desk and brought out a much folded letter, which, pointing to a paragraph, he passed to Stuffy Milton, who read:

"Son, you'll meet men that have things you don't have—money, family, influence, maybe—and it may seem to you that a certain fellow is succeeding because of something you lack. Don't you believe it. There's a particular niche in this world for every-one of us. No matter what we have, the world can use it—don't think of what the other man has. Take stock of what you have to give the other man. No matter how little you have, he may be able to use it. If you have nothing but love to give him, give that."

Stuffy re-folded the paper and passed it back. For a short time he was silent, then he drew a long breath.

"Once," he murmured, "once we said if only you were decent. Decent—you old Sissy."

MARGARET WILKINSON, '24.

HASTE MAKES WASTE

Honorable Mention.

Mr. Whipple and his wife gazed in disappointment at the receding train which was pulling away at the rate of about a mile a minute when they reached the station. The train was out of sight and whistling for the next town, Monroe, before they recovered from their shock; so they sadly turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Whipple broke the silence very grimly: "If I didn't always have to wait for you to get ready, after it was time we were already started, we might get somewhere."

"Yes, but I was ready before you were," answered his wife.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Whipple, with great impatience nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "would you just hear that? I sat in the buggy at least ten minutes, yelling for you to come, till the whole neighborhood heard me."

"I know you did," replied Mrs. Whipple calmly, "and every time I started down stairs, you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Whipple growled in reply: "Well, everybody knows that if I were going to Paris, all I would have to do would be to rush into the house, grab my gripsack, and fly; while you would want at least six weeks of preliminary preparations and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

The final result of it all was that they put off their visit to Wheeler until the next month, and they agreed that each one should get theirself ready and go to the train, and the one who failed to get erady should be left. Well, at last, the day of the match came around, and the train left at 2:30 p. m. Mr. Whipple left his office early and was home at a quarter of two.

"Now then," he shouted, "only forty-five minutes before the train leaves the station. Betty hurry! A fair field and no favors, you know."

Away they flew, Mr. Whipple rushed into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with increditble rapidity, chucking under his breath all the while to think how cheap Mrs. Whipple would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way upstairs to take off his overshoes to save time. For the same reason he took off his hat and threw it down on the library table when he came in the door. He threw his coat down on a chair back in the dining room. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on a hat rack, and, by the time he had reached his own room, he was ready to plunge into

his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things while he shrieked: "Lillian, where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," quietly answered Mrs. Whipple, who was standing before the glass calmly coaxing a crimp into place.

"Well, if they are, I would like to know where. Some people get so smart snooping among my things. I would thank them very much if they would just leave them alone. I've emptied everything out of this drawer and there isn't a thing in it that I ever saw before."

Mrs. Whipple stepped back a few paces, held her head to one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around here on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking in your own drawer."

"I don't see why you could not have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all morning," observed Mr. Whipple.

"Because," said Mrs. Whipple, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

He plunged into his shirt like a bull after a red flag. "Blame it," he shouted, "no buttons on the neck, as usual!"

"Because," said Mrs. Whipple, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting man, while she buttoned her dress and put eight pins where they would do the most good," because you have the shirt on wrong side out."

Mr. Whipple began to perspire as he slid out of his shirt, and he dropped it three times before he got it on. While it was still over his head he heard the clock strike two. When his head came through, he saw Mrs. Whipple putting the finishing touches on the bow at her neck.

"Where are my collar buttons?" he cried.

Mrs. Whipple left the room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw her husband emptying all the boxes in and around the bureau. Then she said, "I suppose in the shirt you just took off. I am sure I never wore them."

"Lillian," he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where my cuff buttons are."

"I haven't seen them, but I think you laid them on the window sill in the dining room last night, didn't you?" replied his wife settling her hat.

Mr. Whipple remembered and flew down stairs on a run. He stepped on one of his overshoes and immediately landed in the hall below with more bumps than he could count and with a bang like Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Warren?" sweetly asked his wife.

The poor man groaned, "Can you thrown down my other overshoe?"

Mrs. Whipple pityingly kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he put on his overshoe.

"Up in your dressing room, I suppose," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied with her hand on the knob, "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted, "where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? I can't find it and it has all my money in it."

You threw it on the hat rack," she called, "good-bye, dear."

Before she could get to the corner, he hailed her again.

"Lillian! Lillian! Lillian Whipple! What on earth did you do with my coat?"

After she had signaled for the street car to stop, she turned and cried, "You threw it down on a chair back in the dining room."

She entered the car and was seen no more. But I have often heard the neighbors say that he raced up and down the house, and rushed out and in the front door every so often, shrieking after the oblivious Mrs. Whipple to know where she had put all the clean collars, and where his valise key and hat were, and if he had any clean socks. When at last he left the house, he left every outside door, all the down stairs windows, and the gate, wide open.

Just as the train was leaving, the loafers around the station were quite surprised to see such an important looking man, with door-key in one hand and valise in the other, flapping open and shut as he ran, his vest and coat unbuttoned, his necktie flying, his hat cocked on the side of his head, dash across the platform and stop in the middle of the track, glaring in mortification, and shaking his fist at a pretty little woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

MARJORY AMES.

BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR

From the moment Paula Bartlet had arrived at Winchester House, she had sensed a mystery. From the high ceilinged, mahogany-panelled rooms and long dark corridors of the first stories, to the room with the locked door on the third floor, the house fairly cried out of mystery—of unknown and sinister things within its grim wall.

More especially did the third floor pique ones curiosity, or rather, the room at the end of the corridor. There, partially hidden by dark, enveloping shadows, was the door. The mystery, if it may have been called such, did not lie in the door, for like its fellows, it was of heavy mahogany built to an unusual thickness; but what secrets it disclosed—what mystery lay behind it, none could tell—for who had ever seen behind the locked door?

Certainly not Paula, but from the moment that her merry brown eyes sought and found the door wrapped in its cloak of shadows, she resolved that before many days elapsed she would probe its secret. And now it was June. The Bartlets—Paula, just out of college, her mother, and an older sister, had lived in Winchester House for two months, and she was no nearer to solving the mystery than before. The old house was to belong to them for only one short year, while its owner—whom Paula had never seen, and had no desire to see, was abroad. It was enough that he had left this delightful, rambling old structure for twelve short months at least, and while at times she was charmed by the long, dark corridors, she was more often puzzled over the mystery of the closed door.

It seemed, as June wore on, that there had never been such a wealth of flowers. Roses crept over the gray exterior of Winchester House, and vines clambered around the broad veranda, the skies had never been more bright, nor the grass and trees more green. But within the house, the damp, unused feeling still clung to the old furniture, and even the sunlight which now poured into the rooms failed to brighten the atmosphere.

It was Paula's older sister, Janet, who remarked one afternoon toward the end of the month, "I'm sure I never saw a more cheerless, but at the same time more delightful place in all my life. I'll admit I love every part of it, but somehow I just can't blame Mr. Winchester for going off to some more pleasant place."

"Why Janet!" exclaimed Paula, "How can you? I think Mr. Whats-his-name must be perfectly silly to run away from such a wonderful home. It's a wonder he didn't sell it outright."

"Don't you think that a young man might find this atmosphere somewhat—depressing?" asked Janet, smiling, "Anyway I'm sure he hasn't left it for good. The house is a very old one—has been in the family for generations."

"Huh!" scoffed Paula, "I'd like to see myself rent on old family homestead to strangers, and then go abroad and forget all about it. But Jane, perhaps he only wanted to get rid of it for a while. Maybe there was something—some mystery here, that he wanted to get away from?"

Janet rose to her feet. "You have a wonderful imagination, child—why not forget about the mystery? What proof is there of a mystery anyway."

"The locked door," replied Paula solemnly, "isn't that proof enough?"

The more often Paula thought of this, the more confident she became that there was something sinister on the third floor, and the day following she tiptoed to the end of the corridor, and with the aid of many matches, manager to peer through the keyhole. Nothing met her gaze except bewildering blackness, which instead of discouraging her, merely piqued her curiosity further. "Perhaps," she thought, "it is some family secret. Possibly some concealed crime, or—well! I'm going to find out, anyway."

And so it came about, that without the knowledge of anyone except herself, Paula made a wax impression of the lock, and took it to the village locksmith, who promised her that she should have the key within a week's time.

When it was finally delivered into her hand, she sped homeward to Winchester House, and taking the stairs two at a time, arrived flushed and breathless on the third floor. It was with fast beating heart that she fitted the key in the lock and turned the knob. The huge door creaked on its rusty hinges, and swung slowly back. The door was open—and Paula stood on the threshhold of the mystery!

The gloom of the room blinded her for the moment, then, becoming more accustomed to the darkness, she stepped inside, and looked about her. There were several heavy looking instruments, and many large, dust-covered boxes about, and Paula sniffed derisively. "Nothing but a lot of boxes, and dusty at that," she exclaimed aloud, drawing the immaculate ruffles of her dress closer about her.

At the back of the room stood a tall frame, covered with canvas, and toward this she advanced. "Well," she said laughing, "As I've gone to this trouble I may as well see all there is to be seen. Huh! This looks like a statue."

With a sudden movement she jerked the canvass to one side, then suddenly utterad a sharp little cry. There, staring at her with hideous gaping mouth, and hollow eyes, was a human skeleton, whose fleshless bones gleamed white in the light of the room.

Suddenly her arm seemed paralyzed, and the canvas dropped from her fingers. Then Paula turned and rushed from the room, slamming the door behind her.

Her face was ghostly, and she felt suddenly ill. The mystery of the closed door was no longer a secret, but lay, horrible and grotesque before her mind. Of course, she reasoned, there had been a murder in that very house—but should she warn the authorities? She decided that she would mention the discovery to no one, no matter what should happen. The key seemed to burn into her skin, and hastening out of the house she dropped it to the bottom of the old fashioned well, over whose side rose vines clambered.

June and July passed, and August came, but Paula never again referred to the mystery of the closed door, and though the leaves on the great trees began to turn to red and gold, she never sought occasion to go again to the third story. The gruesome details which she had found on that June day was still a vivid memory, and in her heart, Paula condemned the unknown Mr. Winchester as a murderer.

The long corridors and huge shadowed rooms had lost their power to fascinate her, and she began to long for the day when they should leave, and return to the city.

Toward the latter end of June, a young man, blonde, and deeply tanned, came to Winchester, overladen with satchels and suitcases, and was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Bartlet.

He was very nice looking, Paula inwardly agreed, and when she was called into his presence she was pleasantly expectant.

"Paula, my dear," said Mrs. Bartlett, "I want you to meet Dr. Winchester. I knew his mother long ago."

The smile faded from Paula's lips and her extended hand dropped to her side. She spoke coldly but politely, and left the room immediately.

To Gerald Winchester's look of askance, Mrs. Bartlet exclaimed, "I can't imagine what is the matter with Paula; she has been acting so queerly of late, that I fear the child is ill."

The newcomer spent the night at Winchester House, and met the family at breakfast. Paula maintained her air of cold indifference, while the young physician carried on a sprightly conversation with Mrs. Bartlet and Janet. Often Paula would find herself listening with interest, and once she stole a glance in his direction. "Somehow," she thought, "he doesn't look exactly like I imagined a murdered would look, but oh—that locked door; and surely he knows about it!"

Mrs. Bartlett invited the guests to remain with them for a while before going to the city, but he refused, promising to return later.

'And by the way," he added, "I'll have to bother you a bit, I'm afraid. I have some equipment on the third floor that I wish to send into town.

Paula strained her ears to hear more.

"I'm fitting up an office," he went on in his well modulated voice, "And my entire medical apparatus—including a specimen for dissecting purposes, lies within the locked room at the end of the corridor."

Paula blushed suddenly. "Is the specimen a—a skelton?" she stammered.

"Why yes," laughed the young doctor. "You haven't seen him and been alarmed, have you?"

"No, of course not," she replied, dimpling, "Who would be frightened of a pile of bones, anyway?"

And Paula kept her secret well. Not even, after she and Gerald Winchester were married, and living in the old mansion which she had learned to love, did she divulge the secret of the mystery which lay behind the locked door.

FRANCES BOAL, '24.

JOKES

Blessings on thee little lass,
Dimpled knees show as you pass
With thy rolled-down silken sox,
And thy short, bobbed, kid-curled locks.
Little white nose, whiter still
Than the wheat flour from the mill,
Red lips droop in saucy pout,
I wonder what you think about?

Johnstone—"Is your girl pretty?"

Carlson—"She's so pretty that men don't even notice the color hose she has on."

City Dame—"Suppose that chicken should lay an egg. Would you give it to me?"

Country Guy—"No, I'd sell it to a museum. That chicken's a rooster."

A sudden sound of whistling disturbed the air of the classroom and the streams of "The Sneak" floated over twenty-two heads bent over twenty-two history books.

"Who's that whistling?" asked Miss Brumbaugh, as soon as she had recovered from her surprise.

"It's just me," answered John Dame. "Didn't you know I could whistle?"

Ray Myers—"I would like to try on that suit in the window."

Clery—"Sorry, but you'll have to change your clothes in the dressing room."

Harriet—"My! You did get fat this summer."

Ida—"I weigh exactly 155 stripped."

You can't tell exactly, these drug store scales are liable to be wrong."

Doris—(arriving late and out of breath)—"What's the score?"

Mildred—"Nothing to nothing."

Doris—"Good game, eh."

Mildred—"I don't know, it hasn't started yet."

Laura—"What would you think of a fellow that would make a girl blush."

Durand—"He'd be a wonder."

Bessie—"We've been in this boat an hour and haven't moved a yard."

Brady—"That's all right, I could run a mile and only move two feet."

Teacher—"When I was a boy I always got better grades than you do."

Student—"Maybe that's because you had a better teacher than I've got."

Miss Brumbaugh—"Did you ever see a Greek god?"

Helen—"Yes."

Miss Brumbaugh—"Which one and where?"

Helen—"I saw Mercury in the thermometer."

He—"May I call tonight?"

She—"But our lights are out of order."

He—"I'll be there at eight?"

Teacher—"Margaret, please compare the word 'Goodness.'"

Margaret—"Goodness, my goodness, oh my goodness."

"She is false to our club, that girl."

"How so?"

"Here we are selling kisses to raise money, and she's boot-legging 'em free on the porch."

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JOKES

Here lies the body of Archibald Mush;
His death is too sad for description.
He was killed by a mob in a terrible rush
When he carelessly dropped his prescription.

Teacher—"What is the most popular women's club in America?"

Smart kid—"The rolling pin."

Some day, a popular song writer will give us "The Automobile Blues" in four flats.

Son—"Pa, what do the head hunters do with the heads after they get them?"

Pa—"Make noodle soup of them, I guess. Don't bother me again."

Of all the sad surprises,
There's nothing to compare
With treading, in the darkness,
On the step that isn't there.

Prof. Murphy—"How do you tell sulphuric acid from hydrochloric acid?"

Ben Fienberg—"By the label."

"Why do they call this fellow 'Knight of the Garter?'"

"He's one of the king's chief supporters."

Preston—"The people of Boston are unintelligent."

Edwards—"Who told you so?"

Preston—"Well, it says here that the population is dense,

Wagstaff—"Will you give me something for my head?"

Doctor—"My dear boy, I wouldn't take it for a gift."

There was a young lady named Gregg,
Who fell in love with a yegg,
She said, "Wait, my dear,
And I'll bring some Near Beer."
But he ran away with the keg.

Judge (severely)—"This is the sixth time you've been before me, young man!"

Prisoner—"Yes, your honor. When I like a man I generally give him all my business."

Teacher—"Did you know that when a person is blind his hearing is generally more acute?"

Bright pupil—"Yes! And I've also noticed that if a man has one short leg, the other is always longer."

Mr. Stetson—"Lottie, are you chewing gum?"

Lottie—"No sir. I'm a girl."

Helfrich—"I hear you are working in the shirt factory now?"

Lundberg—"Yes."

Helfrich—"Why aren't you working today?"

Lundberg—"Oh! we are making night shirts this week."

Here lies
REGINALD PFUDGE.
He went out in the kitchen and told the cook that one of them would have to go.
HE WENT.

Buried here is
DOCTOR SPEEDER.
He was in a hurry to attend a coroner's inquest and tried to bunt the locomotive off the crossing with his fliver.
HE WAS AT THE INQUEST.

JOKES

Here lies
HAROLD SHIRKE.
To escape going to war he married a large red-headed lady.
HE WAS KILLED IN BATTLE.

This monument is for
PERCIVAL FRESHLEIGH.
He boasted to the boys in Devil's Gulch that he wouldn't be found dead in such a town.
BUT HE WAS.

Evelyn—"This candy is just like Bill."

Jack—"Why, is it sweet?"

Evelyn—"No, it's soft."

Katherine—"Did you count a daisy to see if Warner loves you?"

Marion—"No, indeed; it might have come out wrong. I used a three-leaf clover."

Miss Brumbaugh—"Robert, you put me in mind of a pair of scissors."

Robert—"How's that?"

Miss Brumbaugh—"You're always cutting up."

Lundberg—"Do you think you could care for a chap like me?"

Erma—"Yes, I think so—if he wasn't too much like you."

Miss Powers—"Clarence, your mind must have been a hundred miles away then."

Johnson—"No, it's only a few blocks to the Academy."

Father—"What do you know about Russian girls?"

Son—"I know it's blamed expensive."

Father—"What is?"

Son—"Rushin' girls."

"Do you think the colleges turn out the best men?"

"Sure, they turned me out my first year."

Coed—"To think that we are to be prevented from rouging our knees."

Conservative Coed—"But we can still rouge our faces."

Coed—"Sure, but who looks at our faces?"

"George, dear, I've got something I want to talk to you about."

"I'm glad of that darling. As a rule you want to talk to me about something you havn't got."

A little iron,
A cunning curl,
A box of powder,
A pretty girl.

A little rain,
Away it goes,
A homely girl,
With a freckled nose.

Bill paraded Mildred up and down the street one night, but Mid wanted to go to the show. After they had walked about two miles, Mid turned and said in a nice way, "Bill, do you ever spend anything besides the evening?"

Miss Gahan—"Suppose you were peeling potatoes and cut your finger, what would you do?"

'25—"Holler."

They sat alone in the moonlight,
And she soothed his troubled brow.
"Dearie, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

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JOKES

"Miss Jones," said the hostess, "permit me to introduce Mr. Hogg, author of those delightfully clever poems you must have read."

"I am glad to meet Mr. Hogg," said the young woman. "Pardon the question, but is that your real name?"

"Certainly," said Hogg, bristling up. "Did you think it was my pen name?"

Mutton—"When Fritz got married, one of his friends threw an old shoe through the carriage at him and hit him on the head."

Jeff—"Couldn't they find out who owned the shoe?"

Mutton—"No; it belonged to a horse."

Daughter—"Dad, I need a new sport skirt."

Dad—"I'm a little short just now."

Daughter—"That's all right, so are the skirts."

Visitor, hearing piano in the next room—"Is that your daughter? She appears to be playing with one hand."

Host—"Yes, her fellow is probably playing with the other."

Prude—"Do you approve of silk stockings?"

Rude—"They're alright as far as I can [illegible]"

[redacted]

"Ma," said the youngster, "there's a strange man in the kitchen hugging and kissing the hired girl."

Then, as his mother started for the kitchen, he shouted, "Ha, ha. It's only pa!"

"Don't talk to me! Everything you say goes in one ear and out the other."

"Impossible! Sounds cannot cross a vacuum."

Excited Lady to Officer—"They're planning a massacre in that room."

Officer—"So?"

E. L.—"Yes. I heard one say 'shoot 10' and another 'shoot 20' and then I heard the victim's teeth rattle."

The Freshman Motto.

Don't study when you're tired
Or have something else to do,
Don't study when you're happy
For that woul dmake you blue,
Don't study in the day-time
And never study nights,
But study all the other times
With all your main and might.

"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home."

"Sh! no use! My whife wouldn't let me (hic) keep it in the houshe."

Mrs. Jones—"Our Bessie is the brightest little child you ever saw. She picks up everything she hears."

Mrs. Smith—"Something like our Johnnie. He picks up everything he sees."

Bill—"Can you float?"

Neva—"Certainly. I'm 99 44-100 per cent. pure."

JOKES

Heroine (to advancing villian)—"Stop! One step nearer, and I'll throw myself from this cliff."

Villian's henchman—"G'wan! It's only a bluff."

He—"If I can't get home for dinner tonight, I'll send you a telegram."

She—"Don't bother; I've read it already. I've found it in your coat pocket."

Edwin—"Do you know, dear, your lips are just like a rose."

Marion—"Well, it's getting late. You had better say 'Good-night.'"

Edwin—"Well, let's say it with flowers."

Charles—"Do you know why some people part their hart?"

Ray—"No, why?"

Charles—"There's always a path across a vacant lot."

He bought her a pound box of chocolates.

"Oh, this is too much," she cried joyfully.

So the next time he brought her a five cent chocolate bar.

Teacher—"John, how do you spell 'Giraffe?'"

Freshman—"G-i-r-a-f-e."

Teacher—"The dictionary spells it with two F's."

Freshman—"Well, you asked me how I spelled it."

Caldwell—"I thought the Chinese had good boats."

Pastorious—"Why, they have. What's the matter?"

Caldwell—"Well, this history says that all the Chinese boats were junks."

Linden—"What is correct—'a herd of camels or a flock of camels?'"

Mulvey—"Neither. You should say 'a pack of camels.'"

Fan—"Which have the greatest number of admirers, blondes or brunettes?"

Tan—"Ask Peg, she's been both."

Announcer—"The next dance will be a feature entitled, 'The Dance of the Moths.'"

Pete L.—"What are you trying to do, turn this into a moth ball?"

Carlson—"Can I hit you for a five, old man?"

I. Oberman—"Aw, I won't charge you anything if you don't swing too hard."

Crouch—"Are you familiar with girls?"

Ritts—"I tried to be once, but she slapped my face."

Helfrich—"Where are those patent leather shoes you used to wear? Are they worn out?"

Thompson—"Not exactly, but the patent has expired."

Peg is an alchemist, I know,
And so I'll have to drop her,
For every time I'm out with her,
My silver turns to copper.

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JOKES

Johnson—"If you could see my heart, you would see your name written there."

Tuffie—"Maybe so, but mine is only one. Your heart probably looks like a hotel register."

Snappy—"What do you mean by kissing me? What do you mean?"

Happy—"Why,--er-a-nothing."

Snappy—"Then, don't you dare do it again. I won't have any man kissing me unless he means business! D'yu hear?"

Brady—"Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken?"

Waiter—"I don't know, sir."

Brady—"It must be; no chicken with a mother could ever get as tough as this one."

A Junior—"I believe I've danced with you before, haven't I?"

The victim—"I dunno, if you have why don't you do it now?"

Bob was telling Helen how he had been attracted to her.

"You were a lovely flower and I was a bee," he explained. "I was a mouse and you were a piece of cheese."

And he still wonders why she slapped him.

"I Wonder If He Will Miss Me?" sang John Dame sweetly.

"If he does," shouted a voice from the gallery, "He ought never to be trusted with a gun."

Mildred McIntyre—"Mother said I must tell you that the lights in our house go out at 10:30."

Preston McCutcheon—"That's all right; I'll help by turning out the parlor light now."

Florence—"Did you ever hear Evelyn talk to herself when she was alone?"

Margaret—"I was never with her when she was alone."

"Years ago he was quite a lady killer."

"And now?"

"He's a camera man, and merely 'shoots' them."

Wagstaff—"Say, what is it you can put in a barrel and the more you put it in the lighter it gets?"

Wagner—"I don't know."

Wagstaff—"Holes."

Mr. Browne—"Say, Neva, is that young man going to stay all night?"

Neva (after a pause)—"He says he will, dad, if there's plenty of room. Where'll I put him?"

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THE BEST WISHES

TO OUR FRIENDS,

THE GRADUTES OF 1922

FROM

THE KENDALL STUDIO

JOHNNIE'S JOTTINGS

It's the difference of opinion that makes horse races and report cards.

An Optimist is one who spends all his cash for gasoline and hopes the Lord will provide money to pay the grocer's bills later.

In the early days of Colorado everybody ducked when a man reached for his hip pocket. Nowadays they all crowd around him.

When a woman tells her husband she will be ready in a minute, she picks out a minute half an hour away.

"Xeyretragsteinpdgytartick" is the Eskimo word for "I love you" which probably accounts for the length of their nights.

Judging from some of the costumes we have seen sported around the school, we certainly believe the girls will have a wonderful golf team.

Sometime the foot that rocks the cradle is the same one that sends the young man off the doorsteps who has come to rob the cradle.

Put ten men on an island, each with ten dollars. In ten months, one man will have a hundred dollars and the others nothing.

There is a silver lining in every dark cloud. The man who could not get credit last year has no bills to pay now.

If the girls who had their hair bobbed during the past month were placed side by side, the line would reach from one end to the other.

Doesn't it get your goat to have a girl say, "Now quit, George," when your name isn't George.

It is easy to love your neighbor as yourself if your neighbor happens to be a pretty girl.

Just to be ahead of our brother editors, we suggest that you do your Christmas shopping early.

Many cities are named for great men, but f. o. b. Detroit is the only one that uses all the initials.

The reason business conditions are unsettled is because so many accounts are.

A freak Want Ad—"If John Jones, who deserted his wife and baby twenty years ago, will return, said baby will knock his block off."

If some of these jokes and incidents are old, laugh at Johnnie for putting them in, but above all, laugh.

"On the other hand," murmured the fair lady as her latest victim attempted to slip the ring on the third finger of her right hand.

It used to be "barber," but now in these days of girls, it's become "bobber."

Pirates used to say, "Dead men tell no tales," but that was before the invention of ouija boards.

Did you know that the mosquito has twenty-two teeth under the microscope? If you don't believe us, count them.

There may be lots of good conundrums, but Life is the greatest of any. We must all give it up.

"You give me a pane," said the mechanic to the assistant who was helping him put the windows in a new house.

Latin may be a great aid to the mind, but we advise some people to learn to talk English first.

A tack pointed heavenward means mischief.

JOHNNIE'S JOTTINGS

A restaurant ad.—"Don't divorce your wife because she can't cook. Eat here and keep her for a pet."

There are two ways to win a woman. One is to spend money on her, and so is the other.

Style note—There will be little change in men's pockets this summer.

You can always draw the queens if you've got the jack.

No, Evangeline, just because a man gets drunk on wine, he isn't grape shot.

If a girl smackest thou on one cheek, turn thou thy other cheek also.

"It's plain to be seen," said the explorer as he stood on the edge of the prairie.

The wedding cake was heavy, but the candles made it light.

Now that mail is being sent by aeroplane, we will have to write our letters on fly-paper.

No part of a man will stand so many, many blows as his nose.

I'm witty, but the person who wrote "Snowbound," is Whittier.

The shimmy is popular, but what chance has it against the Latin Trot.

Violets are red,
Roses are blue,
I picked a lemon
When I picked you.

There is an awful difference between being broad- minded and fat-headed.

"I guess I'll take a month off," said our latest married member of the faculty as he tore a page off the calendar.

Do right and fear no man. Don't write and fear no woman.

Would you say that a man who was hit by an omnibus was stage struck?

Said the raindrop to the particle of dust: "This settles it. Your name is mud."

A collar a day gives the laundry its pay.

Kissing a girl is like a bottle of olives. If you can get one, the rest come easy.

No, Potassum, a sleeping bag can hardly be called a knapsack.

She crept up to the scales like an Arab and silently stole a weigh.

The average size of the American family, according to statistics, is 4.14. The fraction probably stands for the husband.

It is hard work to keep your sons in check when they are young, but it is still harder to keep them in checks when they grow older.

People who borrow trouble usually repay with interest. Therefore, all you're supposed to do with this article is laugh—don't knock the writer.

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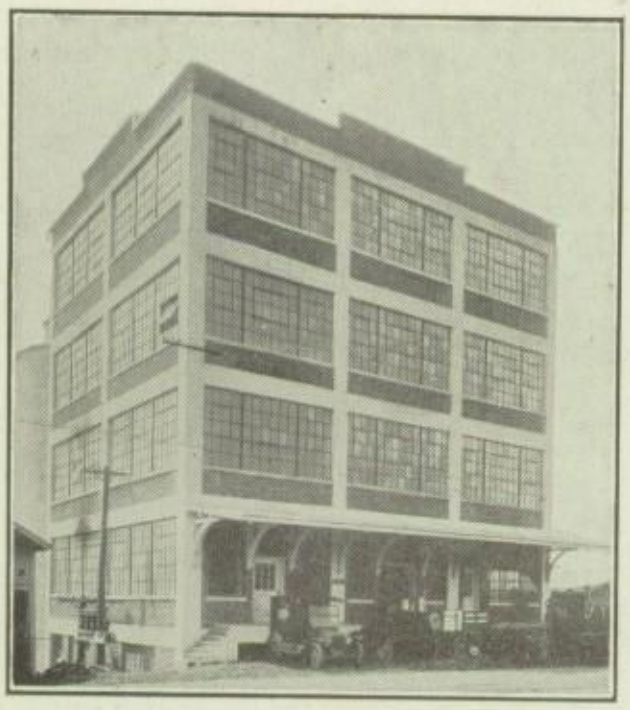

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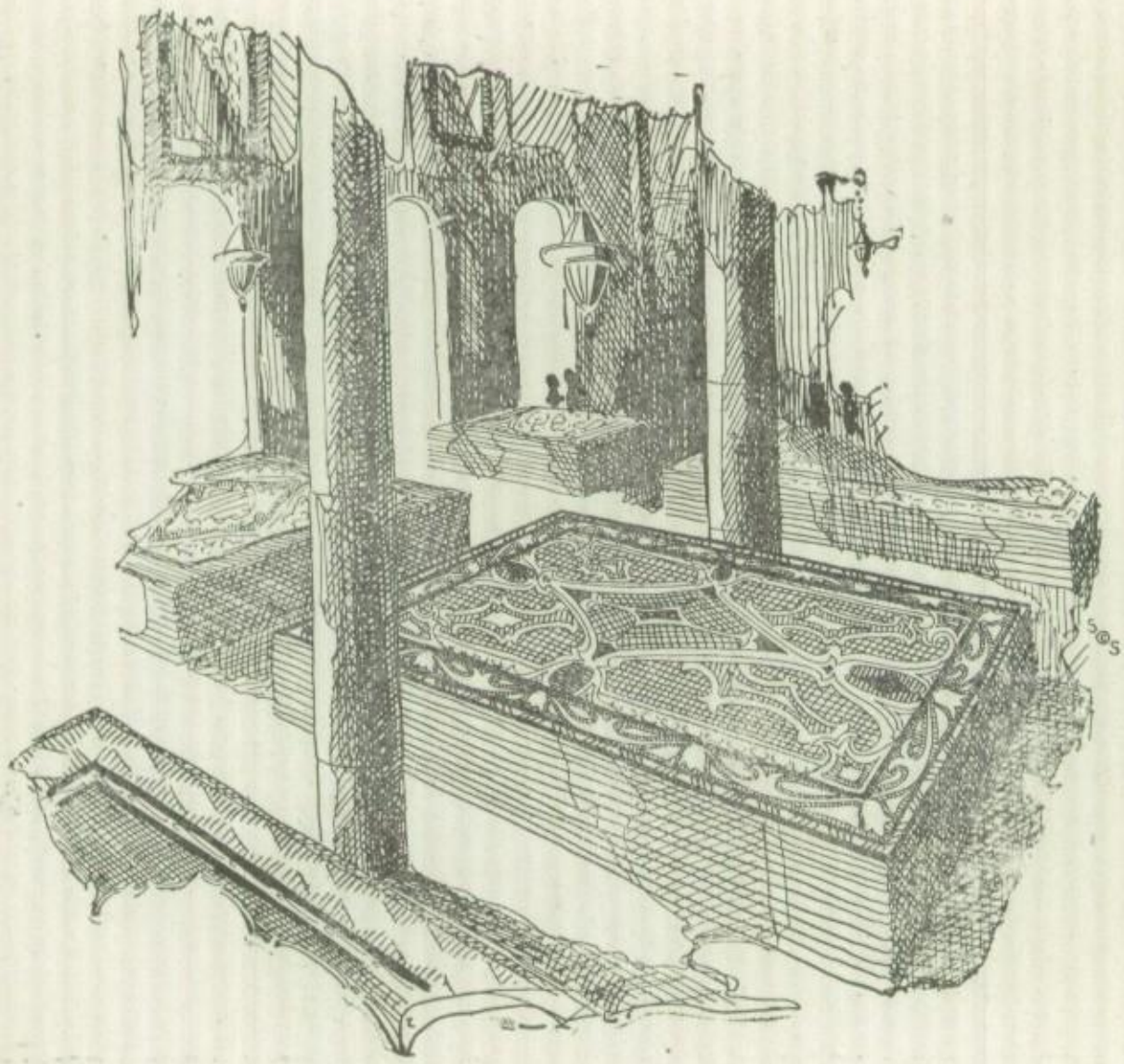

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